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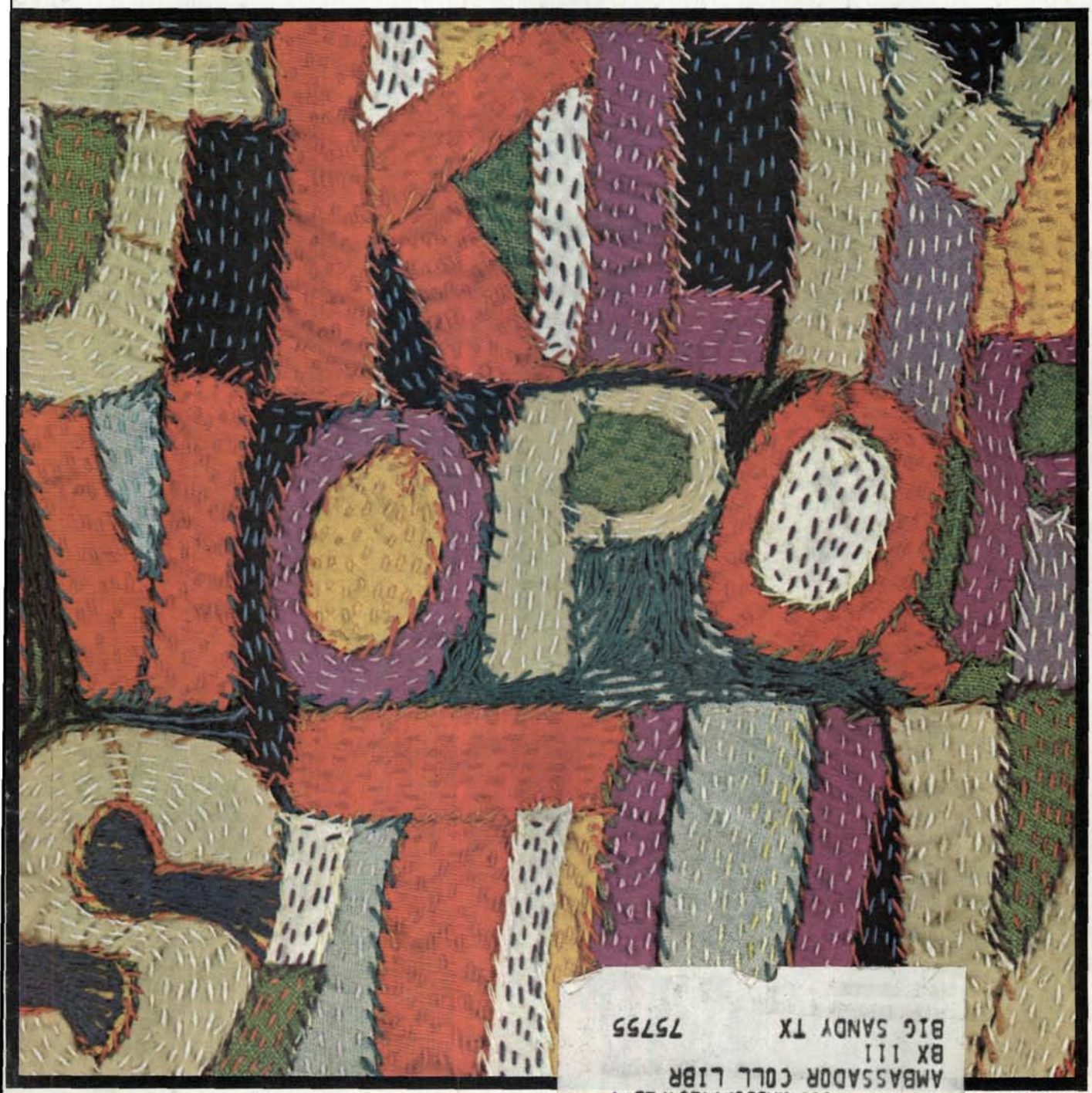

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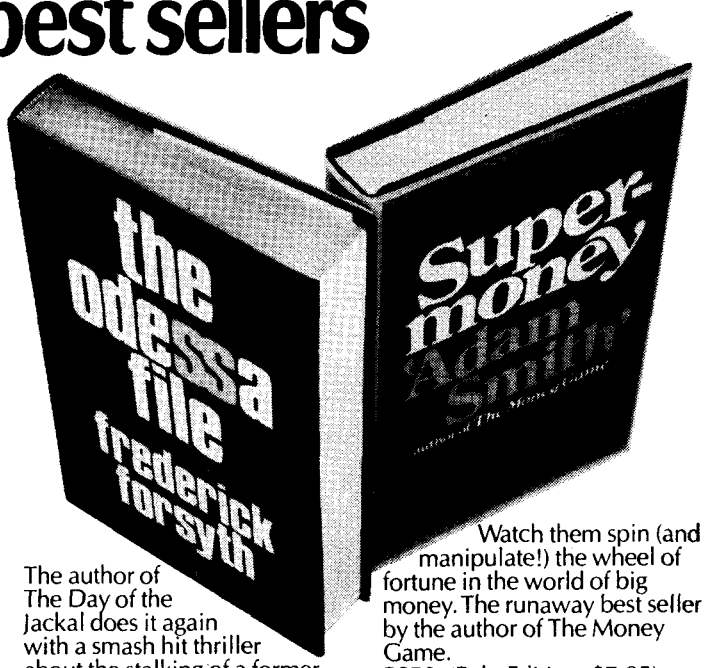

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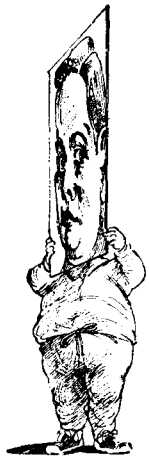

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INSIDE SR

For our cover story we sent associate editor *Sheila Canning* to Washington to assess the federal Right to Read program. Oversold and underfunded so far, it may yet come to life, she finds. Susanna McBee, a former *McCall's* editor in Washington, contributes a description of how RTR is working in one school. But the larger problem is awesome—seven million children and 21 million adults who are "functionally illiterate."

For a rather different, considerably happier story, we sent another staffer, associate editor *K. C. Cole,* to Florida. Everywhere, she reports, education for older people is booming, and especially so in the southern sunshine.

If lifetime learning, why not lifetime lecturing? R. Buckminster Fuller, the subject of *Hugh Kenner's* article, is seventy-seven and indefatigable. Kenner's six-year-old son Robbie once presented Fuller—guru of geodesics, futurist, technologist—with a cardboard icosahedron he had just made. "Together they counted the vertices," Kenner recalls. "There were twelve—there always are. Bucky was delighted. He takes an absolutely new pleasure in these things every time, just as Robbie does." That sort of pleasure comes across not only to children but also to adults, especially lecture audiences. He is one of the world's most popular and well-traveled lecturers (more than three million miles so far). Kenner has heard Fuller in eight or ten marathon performances (up to four hours long) since deciding in 1967 to do a book on him. The result, for our readers, is Kenner's synthesis of Bucky the Lecturer, complete with exegesis and translation of certain favorite themes in Fuller's "multilevel discourse." The Lecturer himself, we should note, will be next on the podium in and around Philadelphia, where for the coming three years he will hold a fellowship at the University City Science Center.

After the Lecturer, the Tutor. *Evelyn Shelby* gives us a warm and compelling first-person account in which she describes teaching a teen-ager named Mike to read—and what she, as much as he, learned from the experience. She is twenty-nine and lives in New York; she is a School Volunteer, as is Elizabeth Moulton, who describes the scope of the Volunteer program nationwide.

In the first person also: the story of *Sylvester Monroe,* a Harvard College senior. Not everybody there—or even on the staff of this magazine—will accept his interpretation of recent events in Harvard's history. But the point here rests upon the telling—upon the intensity and uniqueness of this deeply felt personal statement.

Up Front focuses by turns skyward (balloon making), schoolward (the Pennsylvania superintendent), and earthward (a formerly fat jogger recalls phys-ed). Contributors: Mariana Gosnell, reporter for *Newsweek*; Peter Binzen, urban-affairs editor of the *Philadelphia Bulletin*, and Louie Crew, who teaches English at Claflin College, Orangeburg, South Carolina.

With this issue we introduce a new set of regular departments, (see page 49). Directed by assistant managing editor Peter A. Janssen, they cover education from preschools through universities and beyond. Contributors to this opening round: Sara Stein, who edits *Open Home*, a magazine for parents; Brian Sutton-Smith, professor of psychology at Teachers College, Columbia University; David Johnston, a West Coast freelance writer; John Mathews, of the *Washington Star-News*; William A. Sievert, a specialist in higher education; William S. Welt, a reporter for the *Providence Journal*; and Frank Browning, another freelance writer, based in Berkeley.

D. W. C.

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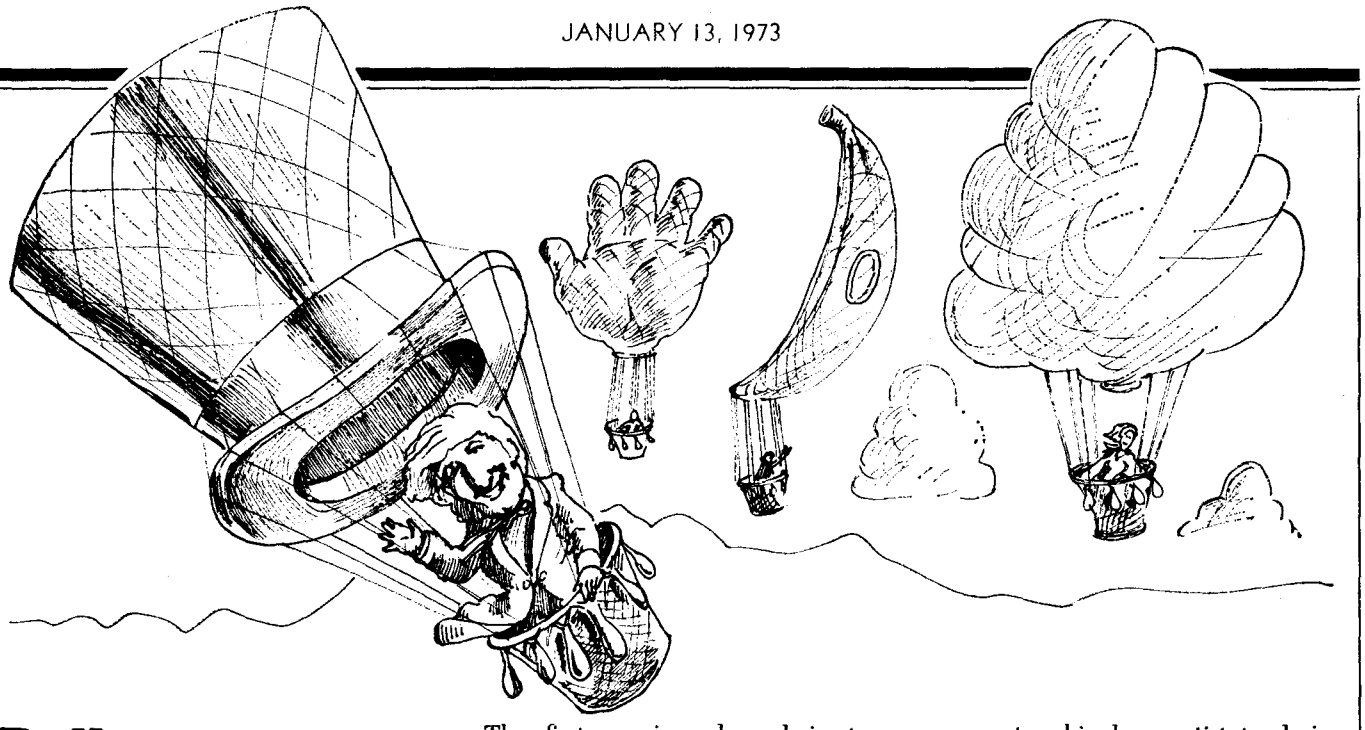

Balloons

BY MARIANA GOSNELL

"Any knowledgeable person," says Connecticut cartographer Charles E. MacArthur, "can make an excellent balloon in his living room. All it takes is three months of work, $1,000, and an understanding mate."

MacArthur should know. He has made one thousand hot-air-balloon flights himself (including the first above the Arctic Circle and the first from inside a nudist camp), and he often makes his own balloons. When MacArthur started ballooning in 1966, the closest balloon was 1,300 miles away; he had to either buy one or build one. He didn't like the factory models, so he struck out on his own. He found an old text on basket weaving, figured the ideal teardrop-balloon shape by pouring plaster of paris into condoms, and unearthed a $22 highway weed burner to replace the standard—expensive—balloon heater.

After building five balloons, MacArthur recently decided to share his knowledge. He announced a ten-week adult-education course in balloon building at the Tolland (pop. 8,000), Connecticut, high school. To everyone's amazement, including his own, the offer attracted twenty-one closet balloonists from as far away as New York and Massachusetts.

The first evening, dressed in top hat, frock coat, and gray wig ("the twentieth century is basically pretty cruddy," says the forty-four-year-old balloonist, "the less you participate in it, the better"), MacArthur took each student on a tethered flight out of the school parking lot. He pointed out the few hazards of ballooning (power lines, drifting out to sea), the traditions ("always carry champagne, so you can celebrate with the farmer when you land"), and clues to contour flying ("a grassy hill creates more turbulence than a wooded one"; "watch laundry for wind"). In subsequent classes students took burners apart, studied graphs, compared fabrics and cabling and deflation systems. They learned how to weave, soak, and even buy wicker ("rattan is getting scarce," says MacArthur, "people are afraid to go out in the woods in Southeast Asia") and took turns lock-stitching the bag's sixteen canoe-shaped gores ("a quarter-inch makes a big difference," says one student, "just like with a dress").

Then from a basic set of formulas students determined the dimensions of the balloons they would eventually build at home. "Your hot-air envelopes," MacArthur lectured, "can be of any shape, watermelon or peanut or even human, but the most efficient is a modified sphere."

Two engineers from Poughkeepsie ran their balloon specifications through a computer, hired an artist to design an envelope pattern (offset stripes), and expect their new balloon to be air-borne by April. And three men and a woman from New Haven (all of whom smoke cigars) plan ultimately to make a balloon "big enough to go across the country in." The reasons students gave for wanting to build balloons varied from "offbeat" to "old-fashioned" to "good for the spiritual metabolism."

"The balloon is five thousand times bigger than you are," MacArthur says, "yet you're playing around with ounces. It moves with a sort of ponderous lightness. You can land on a child's hand or on the tips of the blades of new spring grass. You can sail on a lake like a galleon or on ice in the winter. You can pick apples from the trees or, from a half mile above the earth in the spring time, hear bird calls horizon to horizon. . . ." □

Super Super

BY PETER BINZEN

At 7:45 the other morning a big man in a faded windbreaker parked his old-model Chevrolet in front of Harrisburg High School and bounded up a staircase marked "Down Only Please" to reach a second-floor classroom.

There he proceeded to discuss with a class of fifteen social studies pupils

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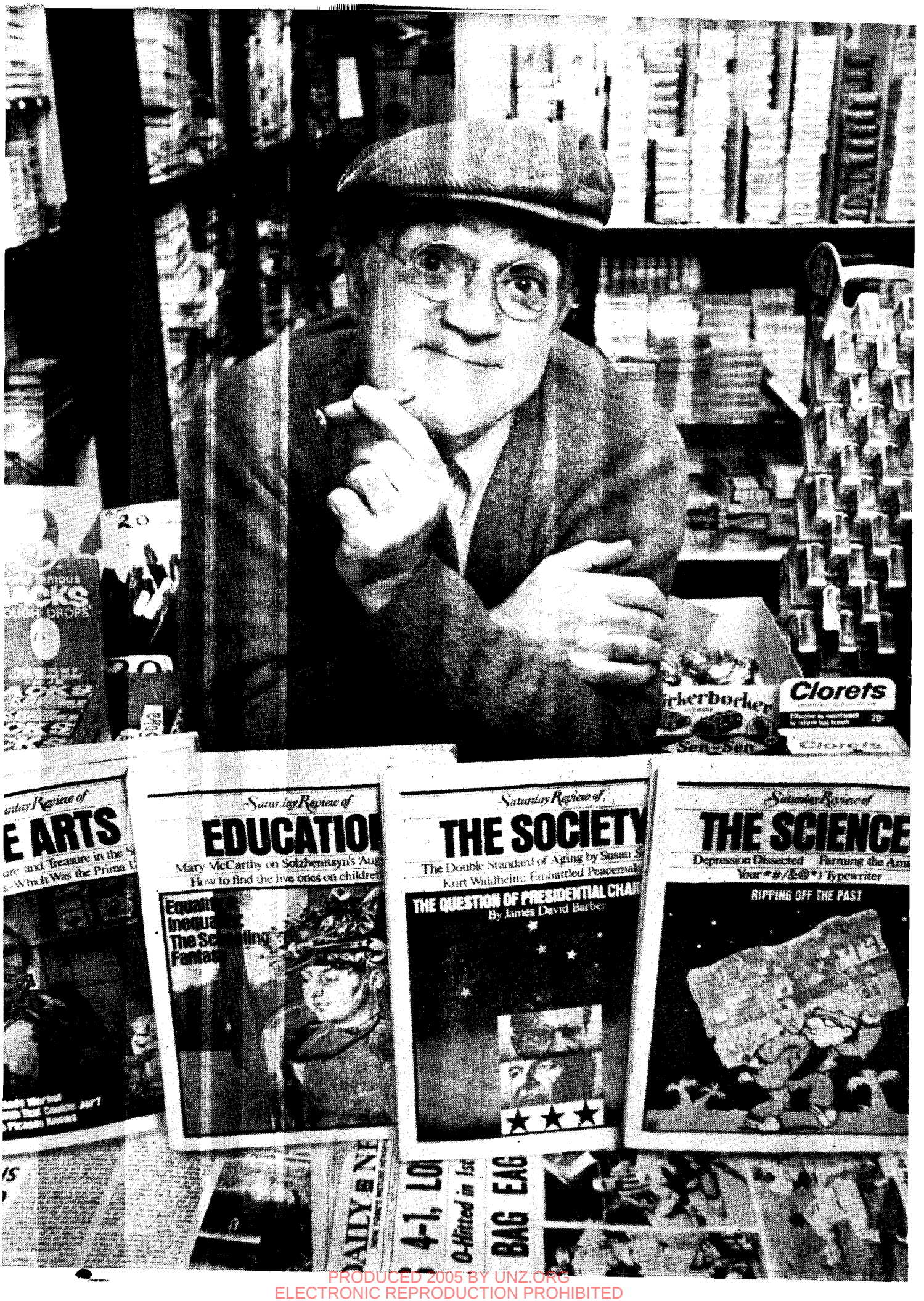

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"Bigger, newer, and more expensive buildings do not cause learning to take place. In fact, pride in a building may be an excuse for not taking advantage of the opportunities outside its walls."

constitutional safeguards against unreasonable search and seizure. Using a textbook that he had coauthored, the teacher made his class consider ways in which the Fourth Amendment bears on such matters as the transmission of football bets across state lines by telephone. He required the students to write answers to a series of questions, such as: "Do you think people should be able to assume that conversations in a public telephone booth will not be overheard?"

Twice the class was interrupted by squawk-box announcements from the main office. The teacher grimaced but said nothing. At the bell ending the fifty-minute period, he hurried down the "Down" staircase and drove to a gloomy, granite building near the State Capitol. Shortly after 9 a.m. the erstwhile social studies instructor was behind his desk and ready for another day as boss of Pennsylvania's huge Department of Education.

For parts of two mornings a week, Education Secretary John C. Pittenger, forty-two, submits to the squawk box ("it drives me nuts") and other classroom indignities, while teaching constitutional rights at racially integrated Harrisburg High. He does it to let Pennsylvania's 90,000 public school teachers know how important he views their role. He also does it because he likes to "get involved." And he does it, one suspects, because Pittenger is a blithe spirit easily bored by the paperwork and administrative drudgery required of a man running a state educational monolith.

Pennsylvania's liberal Democratic governor, Milton J. Shapp, picked Pittenger in January 1972 to represent consumers of education rather than the professional educators who had dominated the department for so long. Pittenger, a Harvard man (both college and law school) and former political science professor at Franklin and Marshall College, has spent much of his time in office questioning what has been going on in Pennsylvania's public schools and colleges and forcing the professionals to reexamine roles and policies. While no hero to the educational establishment, "Pitt," as he is universally known, has won the respect of those citizens and taxpayers who believe schools are supposed to benefit kids, not bureaucrats.

When he temporarily halted $50 million worth of planned construction at twenty state-owned and state-assisted colleges and universities, Pittenger made the institutions stop, look, and listen to criticism before going ahead. "Bigger, newer, and more expensive buildings," the education secretary warned, "do not cause learning to take place. In fact, pride in a building may be an excuse for not taking advantage of the opportunities outside its walls."

He cautioned the state's strong teachers' lobby against pushing for ever-higher salaries. "Unless based on criteria other than longevity," he said, pay increases for teachers and school administrators will "result in higher-priced mediocrity rather than better schools." Pittenger also has swatted such sacred cows as educational research, computerized rostering, and televised instruction. Like whiskey and sex, he said, these tools are "useful in moderation" but can be overdone.

Last March Pittenger required Pennsylvania's state college boards of trustees to open their meetings to the press and public instead of huddling behind closed doors, as was often the case previously. In September he directed all Pennsylvania public schools to abolish sex discrimination in classes, activities, and courses of study. His special target was high school athletics. "In many schools," he said, "the boys' football team gets all the funding it needs, but the girls' field hockey team gets nothing. I'm not advocating that girls go out for football, but their sports teams shouldn't be treated so shabbily."

Pittenger's most publicized act was his approval in September of teaching credentials for a twenty-one-year-old Pennsylvania State University graduate named Joseph Acanfora. In February 1972, while he was student-teaching at a junior high school, Acanfora and three other persons sued Penn State for allegedly discriminating against homosexuals. After the suit was filed, Acanfora was fired from his student-teaching position. He was later reinstated, but Pittenger still had to decide whether to grant him certification as a teacher upon his graduation from Penn State.

In announcing his decision, Pittenger noted that the case hinged on the statutory requirement that Pennsylvania teachers be of "good moral character." Questions had been raised about Acanfora's character, he said, because of his association with the Penn State group seeking civil rights for homosexuals. But Acanfora had not been convicted of any criminal act. "We cannot deny teaching certificates on a theory of guilt by association, nor may we act in a manner which infringes upon free speech," said the secretary in a ruling worthy of study by his class at Harrisburg High.

Pittenger's single most controversial act has proven to be his appointment of a student advisory committee. Forty students, picked by their peers in high schools all over the state, come to Harrisburg every other month to spend a

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day with Pittenger. Without mincing words, they tell him what, in their view, is wrong with Pennsylvania's schools and how they can be improved. The man who oversees the spending of $1.8 billion a year on schools listens carefully to what the youngsters say and then makes up his own mind.

"There's a lot of unhappiness about the student advisory council," Pittenger said recently. "People in and out of the education department say I pay too much attention to students, that I listen to them and not to the superintendents. Well, I am quite consciously trying to give students a greater voice. A lot of them are simply turned off by the whole apparatus. And with good reason. The system has gotten so big, complex, and bureaucratic that it has taken on an independent existence of its own."

Pittenger thinks students will do the necessary work—but only if they have faith in the system. Today too few of them have that faith, he says. For this reason Pittenger, a six-foot-two, 205-pound bachelor who coaches Franklin and Marshall's squash team on weekends, is working hard to restore it.

The Pennsylvania senate confirmed his appointment just before adjourning for the year in December. He spent two terms in the state legislature himself, as an assemblyman from Lancaster, and gets along well with politicians in that notorious snake pit. He's not worried about being thrown out of office. The real question is whether he can change attitudes and operations in his own department. That question is still open, but Pittenger is clearly giving it a good college try. □

The Physical Miseducation of a Former Fat Boy

BY LOUIE CREW

When I was six, a next-door neighbor gave me my first candy bar, and I fattened immediately in a home where food was love. It is hardly surprising that when I first entered physical education courses in the eighth grade my coaches were markedly unimpressed or that thereafter I compensated by working harder at books, where I was more successful. Although I did learn to take jokes about my size and experienced

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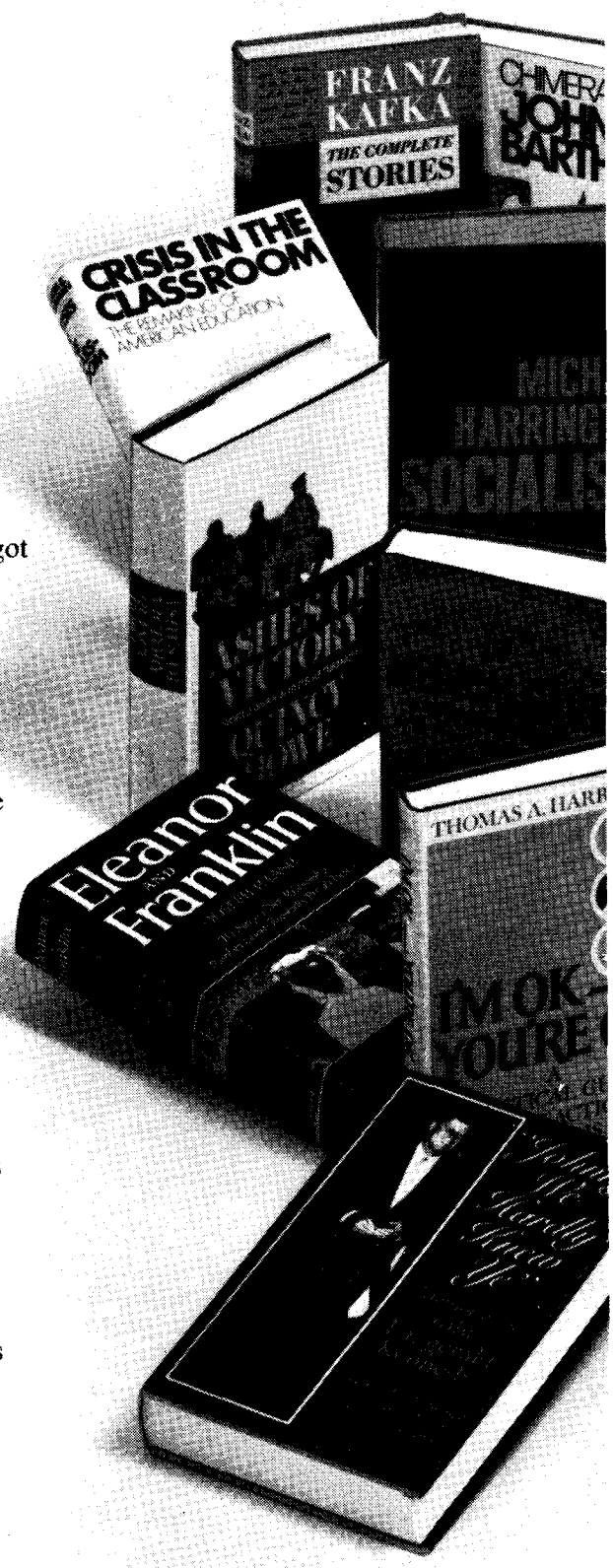

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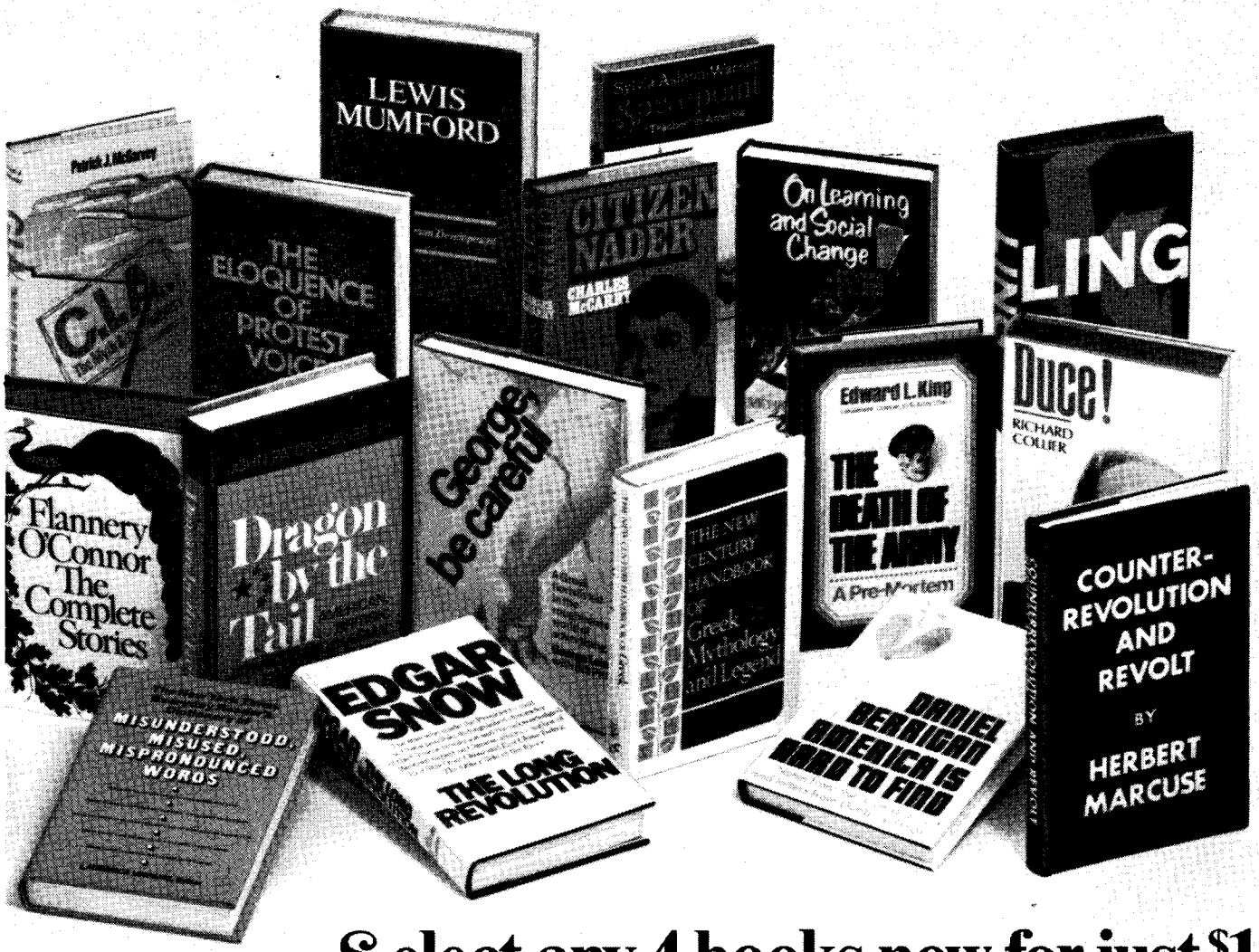

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the "bigness" of being able to laugh at myself (the standard fat man's reward), at thirty-five I am furious to recall how readily and completely my instructors defaulted in their responsibilities to me. Some remedies I have learned in my thirties persuade me that it is not inevitable that the system will continue to fail other fat boys.

My personal remedies for physical ineptitude have a firm base in ideas. Four years ago I weighed 265 pounds. Only my analyst needs to know how much I consequently hated myself. In six months I took off 105 pounds and initiated a regular jogging and exercising schedule that has gradually, very gradually, led to increased self-confidence. Yet my physical education teachers in secondary school and college never showed the least interest in my physical problems, never sat down and initiated the simplest diagnosis of my physical needs, never tempted me into the personal discoveries that I had to wait more than a decade to make for myself.

Instead, my physical educators offered two alternatives. Either I could enter the fierce competitive sports that predominate in our culture and therein make and accept the highest mark I could achieve; or I could opt for the less-competitive intramurals, modeled after the big boys' games, and accept my role as a physically incompetent human being, sitting on the sidelines to cheer for a chosen team of professionals. These limited alternatives were repeatedly justified as teaching me how it is out in the "real world," in "the game of life," allegedly divided between the participators and the watchers.

Now, as I jog in midwinter dawn, all muffled with socks over my hands, making tracks with the rabbits in Carolina dew, I am not competing with anyone, unless I whimsically imagine Father Time having to add another leaf to my book. I am celebrating me, *this* morning, *this* pair of worn-out tennis shoes, the tingle in my cheeks, the space being cleared in my stomach for my simple breakfast when I get back . . . . I was very articulate at fourteen —fat but articulate—and I believe that a sympathetic, interested coach could have shared this type of insight, this type of reality, with me, and perhaps thereby he could have teased me into the discoveries I had to make many years later. But the coach would have had to love kids like me more than he loved winning if he had hoped to participate in my physical education. I had no such coach.

Perhaps an athletic friend could have shared insights into my physical needs and suggested alternative fulfillments. I certainly had many athletic friends, because I sought avidly to compensate for my physical failures by liking and being liked by athletes. Unfortunately, these friends were all schooled in the competitive rules of keeping trade secrets and of enjoying and hoarding compliments. Human sharing had not been a part of their education.

I recall how at thirty-two I tentatively jogged around a block for the first time, how the fierce hurt in my gut was less bothersome than the fear that I would not make it. I had to learn to love myself for making it, and for making it again the next day, rather than to participate in my hecklers' mockery of the sweating fat man. I remember jogging no faster at sixteen and being laughed at by the coach, who kept me that much longer a prisoner in my role as the jovial class clown.

I became a water boy and trainer, winning the school's award for "most unselfish service." Is not the role familiar? I even served two summers as a camp counselor. I could not walk to first base without puffing, but I could call a kid "out" with a tongue of forked lightning. I had been taught well.

My physical educators were signally unimaginative. We played only the few sports that had always been played in our area. Further, they maintained a rigid separation between "sports" and "play." Football, baseball, basketball, and track were "sports." Fishing, hiking, boating, and jogging were "play." Golf was "play" until you had a team that won five trophies; then

At thirty-two I tentatively jogged around the block for the first time; the fierce hurt in my gut was less bothersome than the fear that I would not make it.

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you developed the cool rhetoric of "sport."

I remember going on a boy-scout trip in the Talledega National Forest in Alabama for a week. My anticipation was immense. I liked the woods. I liked walking. I liked the sky, trees, rocks, ferns. . . . We were to walk only about five or ten miles a day through a wilderness, camping out around an authentic chuck wagon that would move in advance during the day. The trip itself, however, was a nightmare for me. The coach/scoutmaster led at a frantic pace, because he wanted to get each lap done with and, as he said, he wanted "to make men" out of us. The major activity was to race ahead so as to enjoy "breathers" while waiting to heckle us slower folk when we caught up. When we came to a clearing overlooking the vast chasms of blue-green shimmer, the biggest breach of the unwritten code would have been to stop to look for ten minutes. The trip was to get somewhere (nobody quite knew why or where), not to be somewhere.

For a long time I treasured illusions that my experiences with physical miseducation resulted merely from my provincial isolation, that real professionals elsewhere had surely identified and rectified these ills. But as I have moved from south to west to east, even to England, I have found very few real physical educators. Almost no one is interested in educating individuals to discover their own physical resources and to integrate them with all other personal experiences. Almost everyone is interested in developing ever-better professionals to provide vicarious entertainment for a physically inept society.

Most of the professional literature describes the training of professional sportsmen and evaluates the machinery developed to serve this training. My favorite example of this perverse pedantry is my friend's M.A. thesis studying the effects of various calisthenics on sweat samples. One is scared to imagine what secretions he will measure for his doctoral dissertation. Yet it is fashionable to mock medieval scholars for disputing how many angels could stand on the head of a pin!

Once while working out in a gymnasium at the University of Alabama, I jestingly asked some professionals how many pounds I would have to be able to lift to be a man. To my surprise, I received specific answers: one said 280 pounds (he could lift 285); another said, "one's own weight"; another. . . . But I was born a man! It is surely perverse for a man to trap himself by confusing *being* with *becoming*. □

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WIT TWISTER NO. 315

Edited by ARTHUR SWAN

The object of the game is to complete the poem by thinking of one word whose letters, when rearranged, will yield the appropriate word for each series of blanks. Each dash within a blank corresponds to a letter of the word.

The castle stood — — — — —
— among tall peaks.

The — — — — — — of the
queen remained in doubt

Till, painting with — — — —
— — her glowing cheeks,

She counterfeited death and was
borne out.

A.S.

Answer on Page 70.

FRASER YOUNG LITERARY CRYPT NO. 1537

A cryptogram is writing in cipher. Every letter is part of a code that remains constant throughout the puzzle. Answer No. 1537 will be found on page 70.

ZXO DSVZ ZXSTSFPXGL

JCVZON SA CGG NCLV QV

ZXCZ SR JXQBX SRO XCV

RSZ GCFPXON.

RQBSGCV BXCDASTZ

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LETTERS

Dope at Santa Cruz?
As the principal of Soquel High School, which is a part of the Santa Cruz High School District, I was appalled by Victor Perera's article, "A Rap on Grass" [*SR*, Dec. 9].

The statement that disturbed me was: "The rate of drug abuse here—particularly in the high schools—is among the highest in the nation." This is absolutely erroneous and has no basis in fact. The Santa Cruz area is indeed a hot spot for drug abuse, but to compare our problem with the problems facing schools in urban areas is just unrealistic. As a matter of fact, the drug abuse problem at Santa Cruz high schools is minimal in comparison to most school districts in the state of California.

James F. Coulter
Principal
Soquel High School
Soquel, Calif.

Up The Gingerbread
I found the article "Hansel and Gretel" by Arthur Pearl [*SR*, Dec. 9] revolting. I am fourteen, and like Hansel, I attend a private alternative school—mine is in Berkeley, California. The curriculum includes many classes in anthropology and the arts that I normally wouldn't get in public school. The school discourages the use of narcotics and drugs on school time, and I haven't as yet experimented with them (that goes for those "funny brown cigarettes," too).

I left the public school system because I found it hard to learn. My alternative school has been, not an escape from the public school menagerie, but a widening experience in education.

Jay Martel
Oakland, Calif.

Playing the Game
James F. Fixx in "The Game Game" [*SR*, Dec. 9] systematically lists eight essential ingredients for a successful game. However, the list lacks one element I think most people consider before tackling any game: cheating.

People play to win. If the odds are too overwhelming, they may lose interest, especially if the game requires genuine skill.

When I used to play Old Maid with my niece and nephew, I did not know why they were so enthusiastic about the game until I caught them cheating. They used to position me on a sofa directly in front of a big bay window; because of the lighting they could see through my cards. Once I was on to them, they lost interest in the game.

I have no intention of confessing my own part in tactics of a similar nature, but I believe in that old adage that "all is fair in love and war"—and every game is a kind of war.

Sister St. Gervase, S.S.J.
Delone Catholic School
McSherrystown, Pa.

Colleague on Bennis
An open letter to Warren Bennis, University of Cincinnati and author of "The University Leader" [*SR*, Dec. 9].

I was pleased with several points in your statement. However, there were also elements that left me uneasy, not the least of which was the line, "Either I can't manage this place, or it's unmanageable." I know this resulted from fatigue and anxiety, but there is a quality in your thinking that frustrates and disturbs me.

Take your image of the president as either mounting or already astride a white horse headed for the glue factory. Do you feel the president of a university should be trying to drive some reluctant animal? Another interpretation might have the president leading, mounted on a horse, with the faculty following on foot. That picture also is unappealing. Both images contradict letters from you that begin, "Dear Colleague." There is an implied superiority, a one up, one down, which may feed the feelings of apathy too evident on campus.

Your selection of facts also concerns me. In telling about Hendrik Gideonse's taking his baby to his office, you note his strong feelings about such values as, ". . . equality for his wife . . . making sure she has the time and freedom to develop her own potentials fully." However, Hendrik's *primary* object was to meet *his* needs of relating to his son rather than just to see him when he is asleep. If initiative by a dean is met with ambivalence, what innovations might one expect from the faculty?

Perhaps these are not ideal examples. There are others, and I know that other persons share some of my perceptions and concerns. There seems to be a pattern. I've already mentioned the feeling that you set yourself above and apart from me and my colleagues. Another concern is that official statements often contain more rhetoric than reason. The material floods the campus and local media. For example, given the supermen and women—the "best" for the job—whom you have selected for administrative posts, we have been encouraged to wait for you and the superstaff to solve our problems. I plead *mea culpa*—my expectations were unrealistic. Given your present statements, however, I am still skeptical.

Yet there are also positive signs. Let me support your intentions to delegate more responsibility to your staff, perhaps by making contracts with your staff about *your* behavior. Let me also support your push toward new social inventions to organize programs in the "management of human services." Similar efforts are needed to co-ordinate our resources in applied behavioral science. Your expertise in organizational development could be invaluable here.

Leonard M. Lansky
Prof. of Psychology
University of Cincinnati
Cincinnati, Ohio

Fraternities Forever
Peter Janssen's article "Fraternité" [*SR*, Dec. 9] on the Greek system at the University of Texas clearly illustrates that the fraternity system is alive and well both here and throughout the nation.

The resurgence of student participation in fraternities is due to greater emphasis in the chapters on academics, brotherhood, campus activities, and community participation, all of which reflects the change from pledge education and hell weeks to purposeful and constructive goals.

Many chapters sponsor annual public-service events for the benefit of the community. Many brothers are also engaged in YMCA activities, in Head Start, and in underprivileged minority children's organizations such as "Big Buddies." These types of activities, along with the traditional fraternity fervor for beer and good hell raising, are the reasons that the Greek system will continue to survive.

Thomas A. Prentice
President
Delta Upsilon
Austin, Texas

God for Sale
The inference of "The Selling of the Deity, 1973" [*SR*, Dec. 9] is that Religion in American Life, Inc., commercializes God. But perhaps even the tinseled, expense-accounted approach of RIAL is not as profane as author Edward B. Fiske would like to suggest. I believe that it is a big religious environment that we live in and that there is room in it for many promotional points of view—even that of RIAL.

Rev. Robert Newton Barger
University of Illinois
Champaign, Ill.

Living With the Earth
Michael Rossman's article "A Father's Tale" [*SR*, Dec. 9], on teaching children how to live in harmony with the other residents of the house life, brings to mind John Holt's statement: 'The fundamental educational problem of our time is to find ways to help children grow into adults who have no wish to harm." For a peace-oriented, humanizing curriculum, Rossman has presented one inspiring lesson plan.

Robin Boucher
Kensington, Md.

I would like to thank Michael Rossman for "A Father's Tale." Having been brought up in a world of prosperity, I doubt if I, or the vast majority of Americans, will ever reach the horizons that Mr. Rossman and his son Lorca have already attained.

The interaction between men and nature, which is so important to the evolution of the human being, is lost to most of us who seldom see anything but paved streets and apartment buildings.

Ada Marie Thomson
Lansing, Mich.

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TRAVEL

There is a Time for Hunting

BY JANET GRAHAM

"Hand me the cartridges," said Jesus-son-of-Jesus.

Reluctantly, I leaned across the front seat of the car and gave them to him. Jesus-son-of-Jesus was a tall, dark-eyed Arab, whose name in the local lingo was Aissa Ben Aissa. I knew he had been a terrorist in the Algerian revolution—though now, he assured me, he was a pacifist at heart. I wasn't convinced as I watched him in the back seat, a shotgun resting on his white burnoose.

"Many wild boar in these forests," he said with pride. I knew that all too well: I'd seen pictures of the monsters being hunted in northern Algeria. Beaters would first flush a jackal. Then the boar would chase through the forest, fifty yards or so behind it. I hoped Aissa wasn't planning a foray.

I have always loathed hunting and killing, a reaction, no doubt, to my upbringing in a Scottish Highland country house where shooting and killing were a way of life. The massive slaughter of game was as natural as breathing to my father and brothers, uncles and cousins. I found it horrifying.

So I certainly hadn't traveled to Algeria with the idea of going on any hunting expeditions. I had just spent a week as a peaceful tourist, wandering around the dusty alleyways of Bou Saada, a pretty oasis town on the edge of the Sahara. There were gazelles in the hotel garden, shy and beautiful. I had tried creeping up to them with a camera—but one click and they'd flick away into the shrubbery. I'd passed happy days strolling in the market, kibitzing over the sidewalk games of dominoes and backgammon; taking camel rides down the dry river bed of the Wadi; watching the belly dancing (now respectably renamed *Danses Folkloriques*). I woke to the distant cry of the muezzin calling the Moslems to prayer; I fell asleep to the seductive wail of the Sahara flute coming from the hotel bar.

It was in the hotel bar that I met Aissa, a cousin of the hotel proprietor. Hearing I was a foreigner, he asked if I'd like to go with him and his friend Hamed on a sightseeing trip up into the snow mountains of the Aures. "You may go, madame," the proprietor assured me. "My cousin has a very good character. You will be quite safe."

It was all so well meant. "In our country," they had said, "the traveler is king; hospitality for us is like prayer." They felt, hospitably, that my visit wouldn't be complete without a little hunting. So I became involved in something I detested. Arab politeness must have rubbed off on me; I just couldn't bear to spoil their fun by refusing them.

You cannot escape talk of hunting in Algeria. You hear of rock paintings in the southern Sahara, drawn by cave men artists in the days when the Sahara was dense jungle, roamed by panther, giraffe, rhinoceros, and elephant. It was here that the Romans collected thousands of wild beasts for their gladitorial combats. Now there is an abundance of boars, stags, cranes, quail, gazelles, and other game. "In the past seven years no one has shot it," the tourist director had explained. "We've been shooting only at each other."

With Aissa's shy friend Hamed at the wheel, we drove through the towering Gorge of Kantara, which Hercules is supposed to have cleft with a twist of his heel. As we climbed higher, it began to snow heavily. "We cannot stop to hunt here now," Aissa sighed. "The car might get snowed in." He put away his gun and got out his flute. While he played the weird, rhythmical tunes, Hamed sang Arabian Nights ballads about desert lovers, moonlight trysts, camels and oases and damsels in disguise. This suited me much better, and I was relaxed and happy until Aissa said, "Never mind about the boar, madame. Later on, nearer to the desert, we will go after a jackal."

When we came to signposts, I tried to decipher the names, printed in French as well as Arabic. Aissa and Hamed could neither read nor write. I tried to check direction by the North Star and saw the constellation of Orion the Hunter, with his broad shoulders and sharp sword, hanging above us in the sky.

The road went downhill, over the icy steppe, where the sparse grass blew in the desert wind. Aissa got out and looked sharply in all directions. In the distance I could hear the eerie sound of the jackals baying.

"Good. No police patrol tonight. We can go on."

"Why would they stop you?"

"Hunting by headlights is forbidden, madame. But, of course, we all do it; it is the best way." He commanded Hamed to swerve the car from side to side across the road, causing the headlights to sweep the surrounding dunescape, searching for the bright eyes of game.

A baby owl fluttered against the windshield and fell stunned into the road. We stopped for Aissa, the great hunter, to dispatch it with his shotgun. I turned my eyes away, hating it, hating men with all their reasonless bloodletting.

There was no shot. Aissa was getting back into the car. He held the baby owl tenderly and made a nest for it at the back of the car. "It is only a little hurt; it will recover," he told me gently.

The car sped along, zigzagging across the road. The bitter wind whistled through the open windows. Occasionally we passed a nomad encampment, its fires flickering in the distance.

Seeing me shiver, Aissa grew concerned. "We will stop at one of the tents and ask them to give you coffee," he said. A few moments later we were walking fifty yards toward the light of an encampment. The watchdogs barked fiercely, and Aissa called out in guttural Arabic that we were friends. An old man shuffled out of the tent.

"He says, 'Peace be on you; you are welcome,'" Aissa told me. "Go inside to the women, and they will make you coffee. We men may not enter; we will wait for you here."

I crouched my way into the tent, lit only by one guttering candle. At one end an old crone with hennaed hair sat tending a wood fire. A younger woman lay in a heap of ragged blankets. I sat on the straw floor of the tent beside her, astonished at her heavy silver bracelets and the purple swastikas tattooed on her cheeks. She pointed at something beside her in the blankets. It was a newborn baby, swaddled stiff as a board, its wizened face blackened with kohl. An older brother and sister came in and stared at me, touching the material of my dress with wonder. With their strange, beautiful faces and bright, exotic clothes, these Bedouin held, for me, all the romance of the desert. But it was a fair exchange. To them I was equally fascinating: the Thing From Outer Space. The grandmother made coffee, then took a huge brass pestle and hammered a glistening

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Janet Graham is a freelance writer who lives in England.

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cone of sugar into lumps. We drank together, the strong, sweet brew warming me as Aissa hoped it would. I thanked them in sign language and crept out again, leaving them my flashlight as a parting gift.

Aissa shook his head sadly as we walked back to the car. "They are very poor," he said. "And the old man told me the jackals have been coming at night and killing their sheep. If they cannot sell their sheep, they will have no money to buy flour, and they will starve." Well—perhaps the chaps were right to go jackal hunting after all.

We drove on, swerving the car as before. Suddenly Hamed pulled on the brakes. In the blaze of the headlights two fiery red eyes shone out of the grasses beyond the dunes.

"A jackal?" I whispered.

"No, with those red eyes it must be a fox. You can always tell: a jackal's eyes are like blue flames."

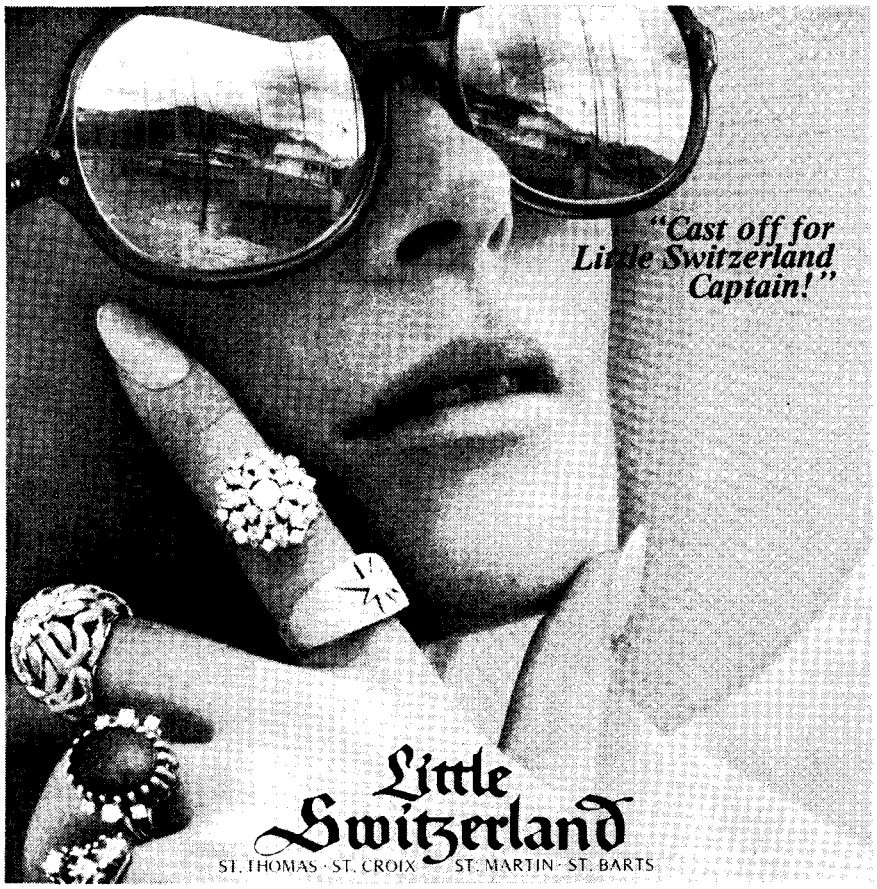
Quietly we left the car and moved toward the gleaming eyes. The fox twisted away and then stopped frozen again, the bright eyes staring. I found I was holding my breath and my heart was banging with unbearable primitive excitement. Aissa shot and missed. I will never forget the pungent, acrid smell of gunpowder, the night wind, the distant nomad fires, the moonlight on the white sand dunes, the belt of Orion, and that thrilling breath-holding stillness . . . suddenly, to hunt at night for food for hungry people, or to protect the flocks from predators, seemed exciting, satisfying, natural, right, and marvelous. It was a moment of astonishing discovery.

When we returned to the car without our prey, I felt disappointed, bitterly cheated of the kill, utterly amazed at the fierceness of my own feelings.

We stopped again. This time the eyes in the headlights were bright blue. A jackal, for certain. Aissa shot and the eyes disappeared. Got him. Ten minutes later he bagged a hare. We took it back to his courtyard, made a fire, and roasted it. It was a feast for us all and for Aissa's and Hamed's children, who seldom ate meat. It had been a good night's hunting.

The next day I was back peacefully shopping, strolling, visiting, and gossiping in the women's quarters. But just for that one evening I had glimpsed the brave excitement of a man's world in which I had no place. I thought often again of the cave paintings and of primitive Man the Hunter, from whom we are all descended, like it or not . . . who hunted not in anger but for food and for our protection.

And the morning I left for home, I saw Aissa pick up the baby owl and set it free. □



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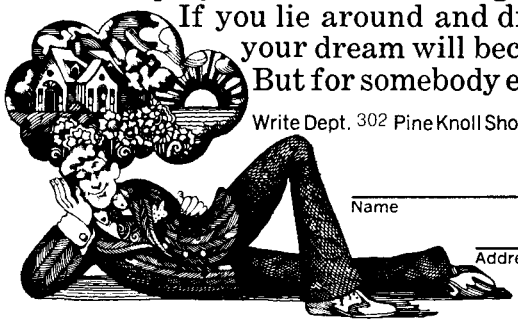

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EDITORIAL

The Schools in Perspective

In a period of pervasive public disenchantment with the fruits of education, it is sometimes useful to look to the past for perspective on the contemporary scene. Americans have always had sublime faith in the power of education in theory, but at the same time they have frequently been highly critical of their schools as public institutions.

Henry Steele Commager, in an October 1950 *Life* magazine editorial, wrote: "No other people ever demanded so much of education as have the American. None other was ever served so well by its schools and educators." And he paid graceful homage to the success of the public schools in meeting the historic demands that society made upon them: to provide an enlightened citizenry, to create national unity, and to Americanize the millions of foreign-born who came to these shores annually after 1840. But then he asked: "If, through the 19th and well into the 20th Century, American schools performed such magnificent service, the question remains: do they still serve the nation well? And is education still the American religion?"

Professor Commager's words have an antique flavor today, when revisionist historians are pointing out the class-conscious nature of the education enterprise and are denying that the schools ever served the newcomers as well as our national myths would have it. But he might almost have been writing in 1973 when he added: "The American mind today seems deeply worried about its school system as it never has been before. In the vast literature on education there is more discontent than complacency, more blame than praise. There is an uneasy feeling that the schools have somehow failed to do their job."

In 1950 the nation was on the brink of a vast, postwar upsurge of concern about its schools and faith in their capacity to serve all the people. The Supreme Court decision of 1954 promised to undo generations of racial injustice. James Bryant Conant's study *The American High School Today* seemed to be a blueprint for schools in the dawning space age. Membership in PTAs was booming, and the National Citizens' Commission for the Public Schools, through the example of its nationally known members, was making it fashionable for rising young business and professional men to become involved in local school affairs. Before the end of the decade the National Defense Education Act provided a formula for making massive federal funds available to local school districts for the first time.

As the rancorous debates of the McCarthy years gave way to a new sense of national purpose, it seemed in the 1960s that we were going to solve our domestic problems of racism, poverty, and deprivation by facing up to them directly. And clearly America's triumphant faith in education as an instrument of social progress was emerging stronger than ever. But a funny thing happened on the way to realization of the American Dream: the nation's domestic problems refused to go away. They proved far more resistant to easy solutions than we had anticipated. Lavish federal funds and remote goodwill were not enough. It appeared, as the decade of the Sixties waned, that a whole generation of liberal social theory had been tested and found wanting.

Meanwhile, criticisms of the schools were mounting. The bright promise of the 1954 Supreme Court decision gradually faded as the pace of desegregation lagged in the South and resegregation increased in the cities of the North. It became progressively clearer that even with more money and a multiplicity of special programs, the schools were not meeting the educational needs of most disadvantaged children. And the innumerable programs for children of the poor, to which so many advantaged youngsters devoted their time and energy, appeared to have little lasting effect, at least on academic performance.

As the focus of public attention turned ever more sharply on the shortcomings of the schools, it became progressively clearer that even the affluent suburban schools were shortchanging, if not actually damaging, their students. We became more aware of the power of the schools' hidden curriculum, which so often teaches conformity and order and acceptance, even while the educational rhetoric places primary emphasis on creativity, independent thinking, and academic self-sufficiency.

The response was a new wave of reform, both within the system and outside of it. Innovation became the most fashionable subject of conversation among schoolmen, and new programs sprouted like wild flowers in a summer meadow. The changes that ensued were not, to be sure, very basic—not much changed for the children in the classroom. Many of the changes did, nevertheless, help to make the school environment less constraining and more humane. The very process of innovating also brought more pervasive awareness of the need for reform and an element of excitement to often dreary classrooms.

But the most distinctive reflection of the decade of the Sixties was the changing attitude of the younger generation toward society and its institutions. The growing sensitivity of young people to the nation's social crisis during the early years of the decade, their idealistic, often fumbling, sometimes destructive, and always impatient efforts to combat injustice are the true hallmarks of the decade. Their alienation from a society that supports a destructive "nonwar" on the other side of the world and their rejection of the cant and hypocrisy that are so often a part of our public life exerted a powerful influence not only on their own generation but on their elders as well.

Now the mood has changed. We seem to be suffering a national hangover after a decade-long binge of hope and despair. It is as if the experience of the Sixties had convinced us that there is no solution to the social ills that continue to plague us. A cooled-off economy is hard-pressed to provide jobs for new college graduates; the Ph.D. market has shrunk dramatically; federal funds for educational experimentation are hard to come by; and the new generation of students gives evidence of being ready to accept the system, with all its imperfections, in order to acquire the skills that lead to "success." And this, it appears, is just what the Nixon administration wants.

The nation failed in the Sixties to achieve its many social and educational goals. We learned that the task of reform is far more difficult than we expected. Despite the frustrations, however, significant progress was made. But if we lose faith in the ability of man to make his institutions more responsive to human needs, we will have to defer the American Dream once again.

JAMES CASS

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RIGHT TO READ

BY SHEILA CANNING

Two years ago the Nixon administration announced an ambitious new program—the Right to Read—aimed at ending illiteracy in the United States. As its first goal, it declared that 90 per cent of all Americans more than sixteen years old —and 99 per cent under sixteen— would be able to read well enough to function as adults by 1980. "This is education's 'moon'—the target for the decade ahead," said the late James E. Allen, Jr., then U.S. Commissioner of Education. Despite such language, the Right to Read has been crippled by fuzzy planning and frequent poverty— and only now is beginning to get off the ground.

At the outset the Right to Read was designed to involve all sectors of society. State and local agencies, private business, professional associations, and individuals were expected to join forces with the federal government to wipe out illiteracy. Book publishers would produce inexpensive, readable paperbacks, advertisers would create sixty-second TV spots extolling the advantages of reading and the disadvantages of dropping out, and packagers would carry the message on milk cartons and cereal boxes. Mothers would be reminded, for instance, that "milk is your child's key to nutrition; books, your child's key to learning."

Illiteracy in the United States is indeed a problem. A 1971 Louis Harris poll found that seven million school children and 21 million adults are "functional illiterates," unequipped with the reading skills necessary to cope in this society. Most of them can't read well enough to vote, fill out a job application blank, apply for a loan, or seek Medicaid. For the most part they have been left to develop their own techniques for survival in a country that presumes a literate population.

What hope does Right to Read offer them? In terms of numbers very little. Even by 1980 the program will reduce adult illiteracy in the United States by only 3 per cent, leaving a full 10 per cent of the over-sixteen population as functional illiterates. The problem is that Allen was never able to muster the support for reading that once existed for moon shots. President Nixon promised $200 million for the reading program, but he never asked Congress for any new money to fund it. Instead, the administration collected a bare $1.5 million for a new, autonomous organization —the National Reading Council—and even that small amount had to be squeezed from the budgets of various agencies in the U.S. Office of Education. The money, ironically, had been earmarked for reading-related activities. Last spring even Sidney P. Marland, who succeeded Allen as OE commissioner, admitted to a congressional subcommittee that "the Right to Read program contained a great deal of rhetoric in its first year and a half. It did not contain any money."

Perhaps most crucial of all, Right to Read did not contain a comprehensive plan for attacking illiteracy. Unfortunately, Allen unveiled the program before developing a method to carry it out. Assuming that reading had been researched to death, Allen expected to fight illiteracy through a public information program and more federal aid to state and local organizations concerned with reading. Right to Read would succeed where other programs had failed, not because it offered a new reading method—the approach was eclectic—but because of the scope and intensity of the national effort. Once alerted, the nation presumably would apply its expertise—in much the same manner as it had met the challenge of the moon—to systematically eradicating illiteracy.

At first, responsibility for coordinating the reading program was divided between the Office of Education and the National Reading Council. As envisioned by Allen, the council—with its working arm, the National Reading Center—would be an independent organization, sharing responsibilities with OE and advising OE of reading priorities. Allen believed that an independent organization, unhampered by red tape, would function as a hair shirt to OE and stimulate new ideas. On paper the plan called for the "partners" to examine various reading methods, establish tutoring centers, and work with school officials and private organizations to create a national awareness of illiteracy. Allen assumed, but never clearly specified, that the partners would work in their areas of special competency—that OE would deal with the schools while the center concerned itself with the private sector. "Allen was a great idea man," says one OE official, "but a poor administrator. For eighteen months nothing much got accomplished, as the center moved to establish its role as a catalyst, while OE stood by ready to pounce on anything that smacked of an attempt to undermine its role as coordinator of the educational community. Whenever the center got involved in anything remotely relating to schools, OE reacted defensively."

OE's opposition could not be treated

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lightly. As controller of the purse strings, it had the power to cut off the center's funds for any projects it disapproved of. Allen's plan called for the center to receive an initial grant from OE, while the center also would be incorporated as a foundation to solicit funds from the private sector. In actual practice the center has been totally dependent on OE for money. It was never clear how the center was expected to monitor an agency that resented its existence in the first place and on which it depended for survival.

The first director of OE's Right to Read program was Louis Mendez, a former World War II paratrooper and a lecturer on Romance languages at the University of Maryland. No one is certain how Mendez got the job. Allen, who appointed him, resigned in protest over the Cambodian invasion the day before Mendez came to work, leaving him without a budget or support in high places. Neither the lack of funds nor the lack of expertise bothered Mendez. All that is needed, he said when asked to explain his temporary stewardship, is initiative. "Flying over the beaches of Normandy taught me that all the money in the world won't help if a man isn't resourceful." Mendez succeeded in getting twenty-two state school superintendents to endorse Right to Read; other than those endorsements, there was no program.

OE's new commissioner Marland quickly replaced Mendez with Ruth Love Holloway, a black former elementary school teacher, to head the moribund program. As director of California's Bureau of Compensatory Education, she had a reputation as an able administrator. She also had a pragmatic understanding of politics: as a condition of accepting the job, she demanded a commitment from Marland of $10 million for Right to Read. "I had no intention of going from agency to agency begging money," she said later. Mrs. Holloway also received a promise that Right to Read would have its own line in the budget. Moreover, by the time she actually assumed control in August 1971, the OE and the center had arrived at an understanding limiting the center's activities to the private sector, thereby giving OE free rein in the schools.

As inept as the OE operation of Right to Read was in those first eighteen months, matters at the center were worse. The sixty-odd-member National Reading Council, whose honorary chairman *is* Pat Nixon, serve without pay and meet about four times a year. The members are appointed by the Secretary of Health, Education, and Welfare, through a selection process that remains a tightly guarded secret. Walter W. Straley, a vice-president of American Telephone and Telegraph, served as the council's first chairman and, in the words of one council member, "was the whole council." Other council members include Glen Campbell, Art Linkletter, and Al Capp, as well as Jeanne Chall, Harvard's reading specialist, the Reverend Albert Koob, president of the National Catholic Education Association, and Joan Ganz Cooney, president of the Children's Television Workshop.

Since the meetings are closed and no one is willing to speak about the discussions, there is no way to know what the council does. Some members are active participants, but others, like Glen Campbell and Art Linkletter, have yet to appear at a conference. Al Capp did attend the first council meeting and insisted that the only approach to reading was through comics. He never returned.

Defenders of the council assert that it is important to have representation from all sectors of society, since an important function of the council is to create interest among business and other private organizations and to reach some of the 21 million adult illiterates in the country. Even if Glen Campbell and Art Linkletter never come to a meeting, perhaps they could still publicize the program.

In fact, in the two years of the council's operations its members have never been vocal on behalf of the cause, nor have they been able to raise very much in private funds. Neither AT&T nor Chrysler, whose top executives sit on the committee, has yet to contribute any money to Right to Read, and neither Campbell nor Linkletter, as far as anyone knows, has ever mentioned it on national television, although members of the center have hopes that one of the two will shortly.

The council hired Donald J. Emery as its executive director in January 1971. Although the job required someone with strong business interests, Emery's experience had been exclusively in the schools. He had been superintendent of schools in two affluent communities, Shaker Heights, Ohio, and Scarsdale, New York—neither of them known for their illiteracy.

Moreover, Emery came to the job with only the vaguest indication of the council's goals and his own responsibilities. "It's only recently that the council is beginning to see its role as leading the center," one council member told me recently. Thus, given his familiarity with the education system and the council's lack of guidance, it isn't surprising that Emery's first efforts would involve the schools—a situation inevitably fated to produce conflict with OE.

Emery started a program called the Ten Million Tutors Training Program, designed to prepare adults to help primary-grade children. He also negotiated plans to build a sophisticated audio-visual demonstration center where teachers and students could observe the most modern reading techniques.

"In the genesis of Right to Read," says Emery, "the definition of private sector was never limited to business and industry. It embodied the involvement of tens of thousands of citizens in volunteer tutoring centers as the quickest way to bring the most benefit to the greatest number." Emery contends that OE's position limiting the center to working with business reflects a substantive change. "By last spring it was clear that OE was moving to have absolute control of Right to Read. It didn't intend to have any coordination or advice from outside. They were moving to make the center, in effect, an annex office of OE, which was entirely out of the spirit of what was established in the first place."

If that indeed was OE's intention, then it had the ammunition to carry it through. OE's own examination of the center's records, documented by a report issued last spring by the General Accounting Office as well as an investigation and hearing conducted by Rep. Edith Green (D-Ore.), revealed that the center had misspent 60 per cent of its first year's budget. The auditors uncovered $176,000 in unauthorized architectural and office-decorating expenses, $113,300 for unauthorized public relations expenditures, and an executive director's salary of $50,000 ($14,000 more than Marland's salary). Finally, Mrs. Green pressed the ultimate question: What is the need for a center that "after two years and three million dollars had produced a stack of press releases and reports eighteen inches high; two national surveys on the extent of illiteracy; one thousand people who are supposed to train a corps of volunteer reading tutors; and one-and-a-half million milk cartons carrying messages designed to encourage children to read?"

Shortly after the hearings Emery and Straley resigned. With some justification Emery attributes the problems of Right to Read, and the center in particular, to OE's changing leaders and different emphases: "If the center had been started six months earlier under Allen with his concept, or six months later under Marland with his new staff and their concept, instead of in the hiatus between them, you would have avoided many of the problems."

Ruth Holloway now believes that the problems of the first two years are over and that Right to Read will develop into a significant program. "Rather than just funding more remedial Band-Aids," she says, "we have decided to fund the kinds of demonstration programs that can serve as lighthouses throughout the country. We have made a nationwide search of the most effective reading programs and have packaged them. We

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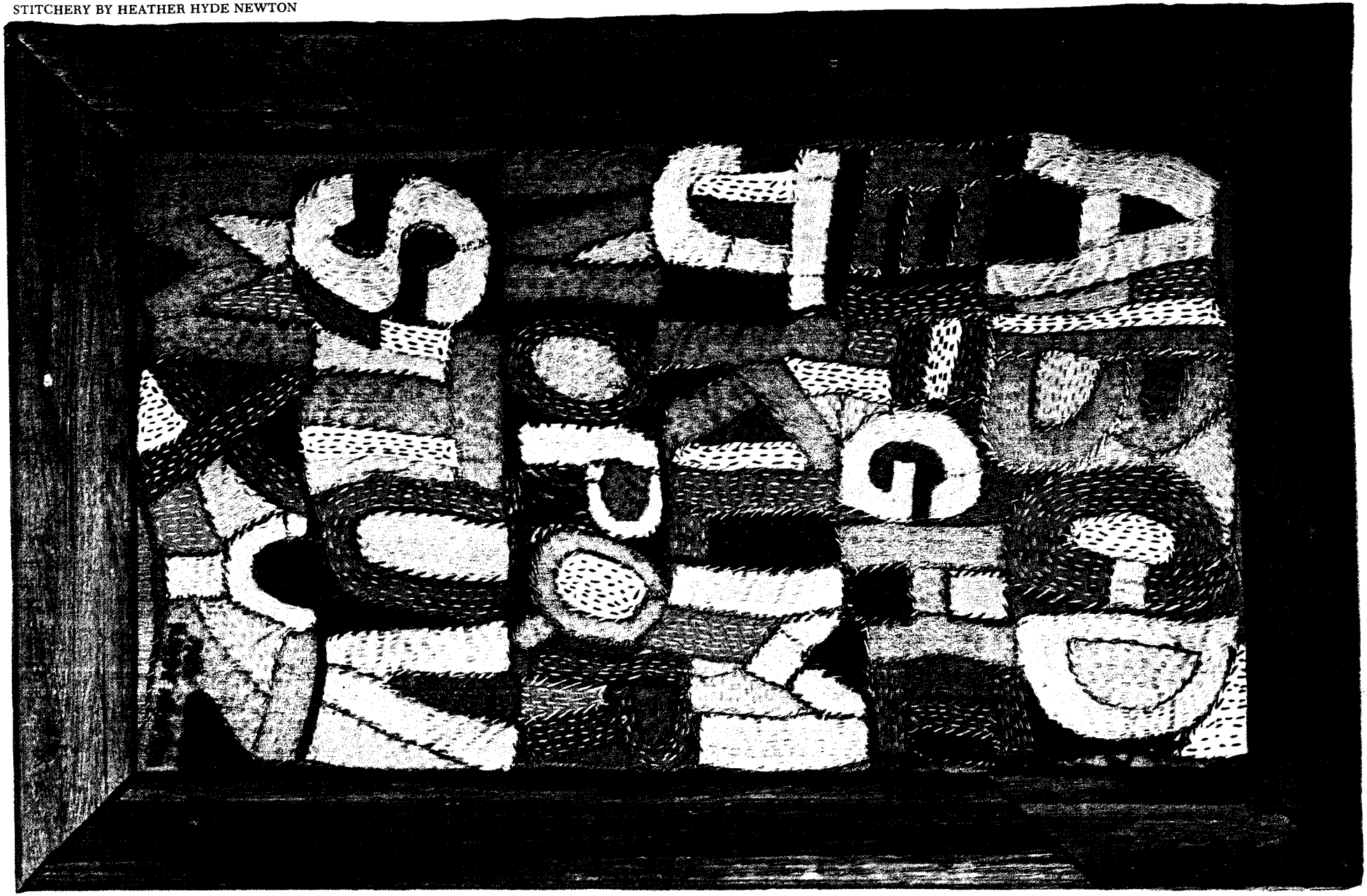

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don't promote any single reading approach, although all the programs do share certain external features: parental involvement, staff planning, and staff development, versus bringing in a federal project director and superimposing him on the local school personnel."

As of this fall, Right to Read had funded 244 community and school programs. Its local sites are housed anywhere from community colleges to dropout centers and are designed to help adult illiterates, high school dropouts, and postsecondary students who cannot continue their educations because of poor reading skills.

The school sites are more specialized and fall into four categories, depending on their past performances and the amount of federal money they have been receiving. They include twenty-one "impact" programs, which OE hopes will serve as models for other centers. Each of them receives a $100,000 grant and is committed to improving the reading programs of two satellite schools. Programs at five of the twenty-one (Hartford Public High School, Hartford, Connecticut; East St. Louis Public Schools; Juan Morel Campos Bilingual Center, Chicago, Illinois; El Paso Remedial Reading Laboratories, El Paso, Texas; and Abraham Lincoln School, San Jose, California) have been "packaged" for distribution. All these programs existed before Right to Read and were selected because of their success. Each uses a different approach, although all five emphasize individualized instruction, parental involvement, and inservice staff training.

In addition, OE wants to set up special "reading academies" where children who are behind in reading can go for a summer or a year—depending on the severity of the problem—to improve their skills. "We don't want these to be punitive institutions," says Mrs. Holloway. "We want to provide parents and children with alternatives to the regular school. The academies would be model schools and embrace all the best teaching methods, so that when a child attends, he's not stigmatized." To keep costs low, OE hopes that a local district could convert one of its schools into a reading academy serving the entire area. Mrs. Holloway also feels that the academies would serve as training grounds for teachers and teacher aides. "We are trying to work on the prevention of illiteracy at the same time as we are working on the corrective aspect of it," she says.

Right to Read also is training parents to help their children with reading. Under a grant from OE, the National Urban Coalition is working with welfare mothers in Detroit to improve their reading skills. Further, OE hopes to work closely with schools of education to develop courses on teaching reading and wants to finance an adult

A PROGRAM THAT WORKS

Masterman School in Philadelphia is a lab and demonstration center with grades four through nine that draws top students and teachers from all over the city. It also has a large share of the $100,000 Right to Read money the U.S. Office of Education granted Philadelphia to spread good teaching methods throughout the system.

Anna Steward, who has been teaching for eighteen years and is Masterman's reading specialist, says she can teach any child to read. "The biggest problem with the poor reader," she says, "is that his background experiences are so limited. Stories about families making cookies or going on picnics or camping trips don't mean anything to him, because his family has never done such things. A reader has to bring something to the page. If he doesn't, he's limited as to what he can take away."

Her idea is to do something, anything, to get the kid's attention—involve him in whatever interests him, then encourage him to read about it. Teachers at Masterman use a variety of materials to do just that.

There are workbooks with lessons, which schools have had for decades. Sample lesson: contractions for *will not, cannot, I am.*

There are kits (i.e., boxes) with pamphlets stressing certain skills. One deals with "Getting the Main Idea," another with "Finding the Facts," another with "Following Directions."

There are wireless "Circle of Sound" devices, each of which consists of a recorder, cassettes, an electric tape stuck around the ceiling of the classroom, and headsets that children can put on and, so long as they stay underneath the tape perimeter, hear the lesson on the cassette without plugging their headsets to the recorder.

There is closed-circuit TV, on which video-taped lessons can be shown so that parents and teachers can learn new ways to help children read.

And, best of all from the kid's standpoint, there are computers—machines that look like teletypes and actually talk back to the students. Many schools have them, but in Philadelphia Masterman is the only school where elementary students use them.

After watching a computer reject an essentially correct answer just because one word was mistyped, I asked Mrs. Steward if the machines are really worth all the money spent on them.

"Sometimes the curriculum writers make mistakes in programing them," she said. "Sometimes the machines aren't sensitive enough. I spaced at the wrong time once, and the computer came back at me with 'invalid input.' But they do motivate the children. On the final day of school last year we dismissed classes at noon, and some twenty kids protested because they couldn't get their afternoon computer lessons."

Motivation. There it was again—the key to teaching reading or anything else. Grab their attention any way you can, and let them see that reading is fun. Play games with them, and, if possible, have their parents play with them too. Mrs. Steward suggests such home games as:

1. Pick a slip. Print single words and phrases on slips of paper. Number each slip from one to three, depending on the difficulty of its content. Let two or more children play. Place slips face down on the table. Each player takes turns selecting and reading a slip. If he reads it correctly, he keeps the slip. If not, he replaces it on the table. At the end each player adds the numbers on the slips he has kept. The one with the highest number wins.

2. Make a word. Suggest a consonant or vowel or word ending and ask the child to make as many words as he can with the letter or ending.

3. Word rummy. Make a deck of sixty-eight cards. Put *re* on seven cards, *pre* on three, *mis* on two, *un* on four, *ed* on five, and *ing* on five. On the remaining forty-two put root words — three each of *view, heat, tell, call, understand, written, cover,* etc. Play like gin rummy, combining cards of prefixes, roots, and suffixes to make words. Anyone who thinks he has enough can stop. Everyone counts his hand. Good combinations of prefixes and roots (like *uncover*) get six points each; roots and suffixes (*covering*), eight each; prefixes, roots, and suffixes (words like *misunderstanding*), twenty points. Highest score gets a five-point bonus.

For parents who want the more substantial task of helping children improve their comprehension, Mrs. Steward offers this guide: Ask your child to read a story and tell who the people are in it, what the leading character does, how he does it, and what a good title for the story would be.

"I know the guide is used," she says. "One day a small boy came to class looking very sleepy. 'I didn't get to bed till late,' he told me, 'because my mother kept me reading that story till I understood it.' "

Susanna McBee

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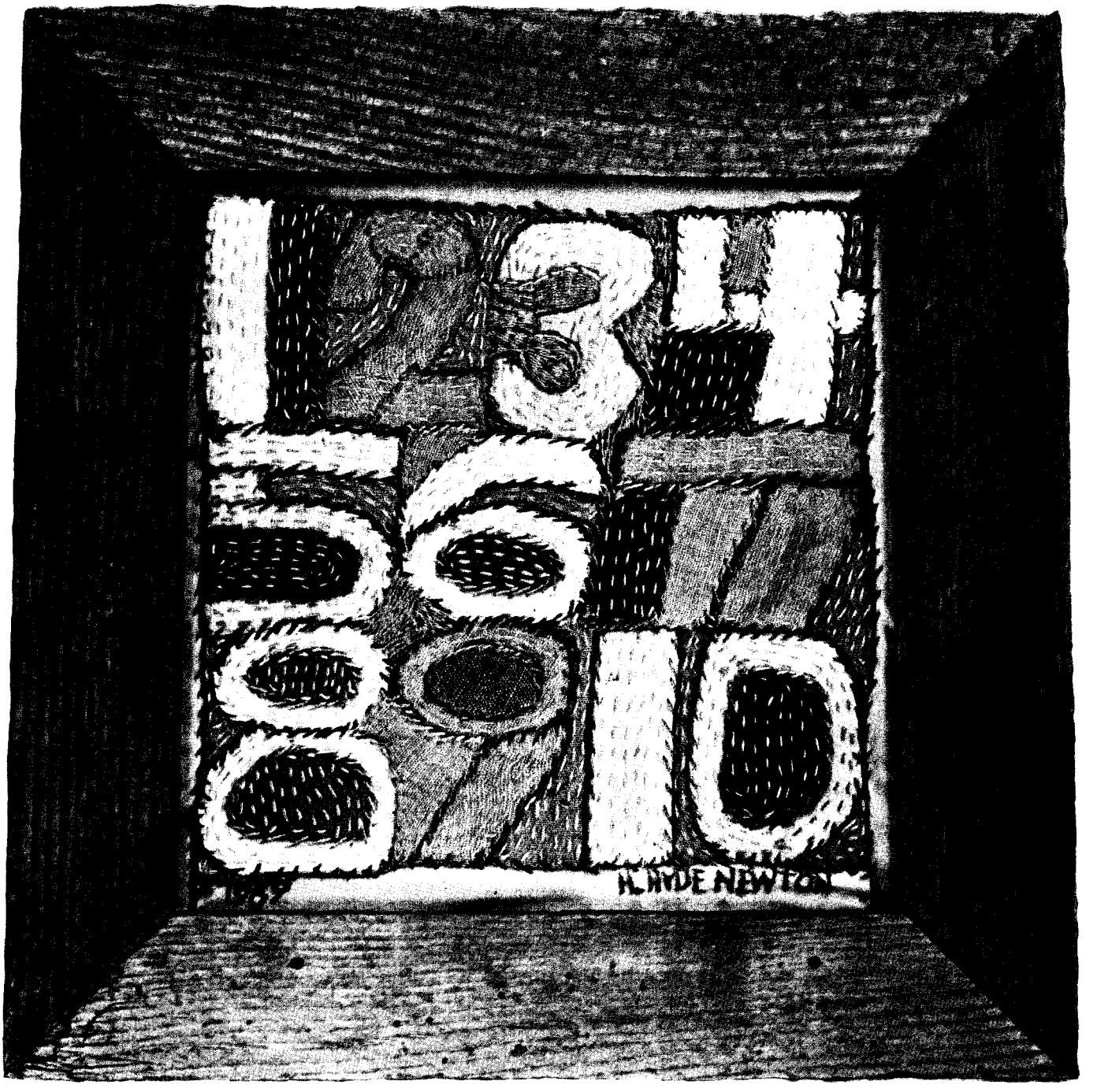

Sesame Street to reach the population not covered by the special projects.

For its part, the center's priority this year is to form Community Reading Councils of small groups of people who are interested in the reading problems of people who are not in school. The center will help the local councils to publicize reading problems and disseminate materials. Meanwhile, it continues to operate tutoring programs in twenty states, although it no longer refers to the Ten Million Tutor Training Program. According to Nathaniel Dixon, the center's acting director, "that designation set a kind of numerical level which may be overambitious —or it may be limiting." The center also has signed a contract with the Job Corps to develop tutoring materials for 25,000 Corpsmen. Finally, the center has produced a set of brochures that go beyond the conventional jargon and offer suggestions to parents on how to help their children read.

Still, beyond the creation of the Community Reading Councils, the National Reading Center is not likely to do much. Its original mandate has eroded to the point where neither it nor OE even bothers to pay lip service to the partnership concept. Any future ideas emanating from the center will conform to OE guidelines. Even Dixon acknowledges that "as far as needling OE, we know we can't do that. We understand that they are not going to allow it."

The areas of potential conflict still have not been resolved. In separate interviews officials at both the OE and the center spoke of eventually initiating reading programs in prisons. Currently the center (which is supposed to operate in the private sector) is running a tutoring program for school children, while OE (which is supposed to operate in the schools) is training welfare mothers through its grant to the National Urban Coalition.

Despite such lingering organizational disputes, the Right to Read is finally getting off to a start. It certainly won't make it to the moon unless it receives a massive injection of new funds—and new attention. But, with a little help from its friends, Right to Read will help end the contradiction of millions of illiterates in the wealthiest—and best-educated—nation in the world. □

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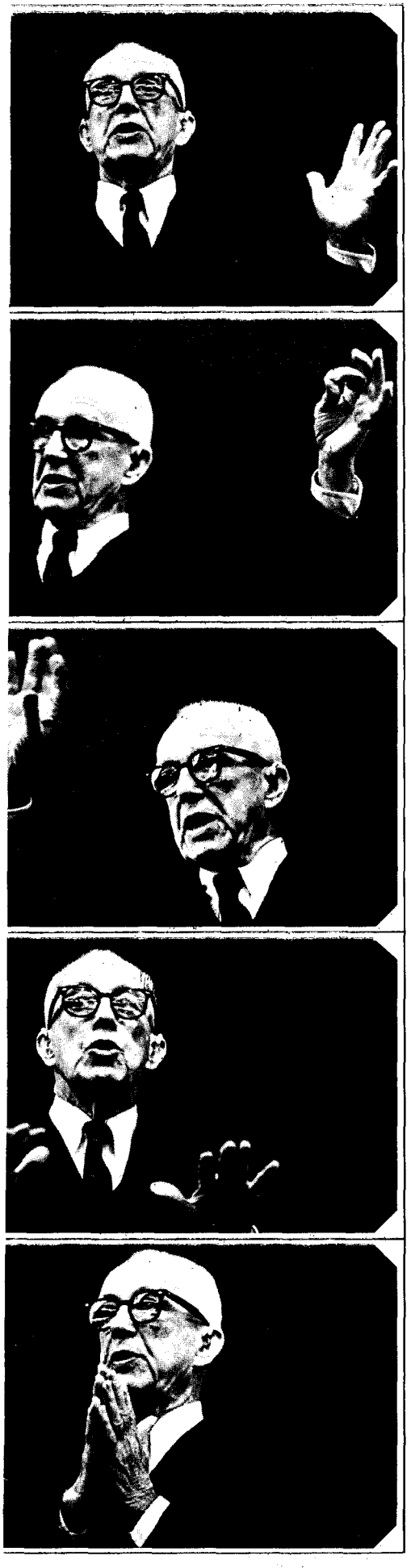

A PORTRAIT OF THE LECTURER AS A WHOLE SYSTEM

Bucky Fuller: his energies feed on his vision of universal coherence.

BY HUGH KENNER

There are times when he seems not native to this planet. The pink dome is surely not terrestrially cranial; those Coke-bottle-bottom lenses shield extragalactic eyes; plastic tubes join twin transistor-capsules to uncommon ears, attuned perhaps to the music of popping atoms; and while someone anonymous wires him up for sound, hanging from his neck the microphone whose cable snakes toward a glow of red pilot lights, he extends his arms, a cooperative automaton, hiking in synchrony the open black coat, the black vest beneath, and the gold Phi Beta Kappa key, while white cuffs shoot out of his sleeves. (Phi Beta Kappa? There are no records of earned degrees.) The face is quizzical, gnomelike, its gamut of public expressions rather slight: Intensity 1, Intensity 2, Intensity 3, and (4) a sudden furrowed blankness. There is sparse, white hair, like a model maker's afterthought. There are crisp, black trousers, as though studied from the Naval Dress Code. One leg, when he walks, seems shorter than the other; or is that, as some say, a shipboard gait? Or do servo-mechanisms respond haltingly to the floor? He reaches both hands toward the back of his neck, where the mike cord hangs snug; he gives the mike on his chest a ritual tug; the applause is dying down; he looks suddenly, boyishly, human, with a grin like a waif surprised naked.

"A self-balancing, 28-jointed, adapter-base biped," he wrote once, "an electrochemical reduction plant, integral with segregated stowages of special energy extracts." And 62,000 miles of capillaries. And he has often remarked that its manufacture is entirely automated, incomprehensible even to the persons who initiate it. Like all parents, his parents did not know what it was they were doing.

In the years since they did it, he has traveled more than three million miles, mostly for lecturing. Like the winds, which he likes to point out are not "blown" but "sucked," he is never "sold" by an agent but always invited, so his travels attest not a triumph of press-agentry but a hungry, worldwide interest in his ideas. A map of them would locate, he thinks, the growth-nodes of active curiosity. The frequency began mounting just after World War II, and in 1967 alone he kept some ninety speaking engagements—in Lebanon, Iraq, Syria; in Missouri, Iowa, Arizona; at the Association of American Geographers, at a Symposium on Design and Aesthetics in Wood, at the Esalen Institute (Big Sur, California), at Sunset Church (Sunset, Maine). He told the Sunset congregation why the

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word *sunset* should properly be *sunclipse*. The New York Board of Education has heard him, and the Laurentian Conference on Corporate Strategy, and a National Conference on Environmental Health Management, sponsored by the AMA. He has stood still long enough to be awarded, at last count, twenty-nine honorary doctorates, a gold medal from Her Majesty Queen Elizabeth II (who was prompted by the Royal Institute of British Architects), a gold medal (architecture) from the National Institute of Arts and Letters, the Gran Premio at the Triennale de Milano (twice), and awards from the American Institute of Architects (five times), although he is not licensed to practice architecture. He has sponsored such wonders as a mastlike structure that will rise and rise as high as you choose to build it, though none of its struts touches any other strut. No one knows what to do with this, though a specimen stood for a year in the garden of New York's Museum of Modern Art.

California Hall, San Francisco, a fire marshal's nightmare. The three-story cavern, ornate with gilt and chandeliers like a Brobdingnagian bordello, is jammed with impatient people and blue with smoke; perhaps a thousand people, crammed onto wooden folding chairs, standing along the walls, herring-packed into tiers of balcony seats, squatting in aisles, forced upright along the walls by sheer numerousness, stacked as if supporting one another erect; seventy-five tons of bodies, extracting oxygen from tons of air with their lungs and cigarettes; beards, headbands, leather skirts, mother hubbards, sequins, beads, nursing infants; closely packed denizens of the counterculture. Spotlights converging from gilded balconies mark out a zone of floor in front of what was meant to be a stage but tonight is a bin to pack in more hearers.

Seven thousand words an hour! Bucky is caught up in his discourse at about the conventional lecturer's stopping point—"I need all the time it takes."

And a nine-passenger car just one foot shorter than the space it could park in. And the lightest, strongest, altogether most economical clear-span structures known to man. The cathedral in Seville would fit under one of these, though three of the cathedral's columns would outweigh it. He holds patents in fifty-five countries, including the 818th patent ever granted in Korea. One of his geodesic domes stands over the South Pole, shielding a cluster of conventional buildings against accumulating tons of snow. The South Pole is one of the few places where he has not lectured. He goes around the world an average of three times a year.

Wired to recorders and loudspeakers like an astronaut to sensors, he prepares at the inception of each lecture to commence a new journey through the universe. All moon flights entail the same risks as the first one did. They are all alike and never alike. The captain's vigilance will be incessant. Bucky closes his eyes and clasps his hands an inch in front of his nose. It is a crucial instant: countdown. Improvising a flight-plan, he is picking up the vibrations of the audience.

A huge, red, tetrahedron tower at the left, someone's notion of an emblem: a red triangle surmounted by a ten-foot red tripod. Beside it the black biped with the pink face confronts the blur of multitudinous faces. His antennae, he will say, are catching subtle currents of psychic feedback. The audiotape reels have started. The three videotape cameramen have adjusted their angles; on a monitor screen behind the tetrahedron an engineer tends the blue flicker of what they see. The crowd is really silent at last. Bucky is ready to begin:

"Well . . . ."

The pitch is tentative, the demeanor bashful. He lifts his hands faintly, as though about to explain a broken window.

Richard Buckminster Fuller, January 1972: a mechanism in service seventy-six-plus years and now momentarily immobile, except for the motions of balance and of oxygen exchange, while what he calls "the phantom captain" deliberates how the "sound-detonating mechanism" shall be configured. What to say?

For he has no script, never has. He is committed to spontaneous thinking out loud, guided by his intuition of his audience and his occasion.

B. Fuller never makes special preparation or prewriting of his lectures. He assumes our whole lives are fundamental preparation. He has learned to "think out loud" with large and small audiences regarding his explorations, experiments, experiences, and deduced generalizations, even as we will converse intimately with one or a few beings. His discourse is frequently tape-recorded and transcribed to typescript. Because aural syntax is so unlike visual syntax, his transcripts require an average of seven retyped reworkings. He speaks at a rate of seven thousand words an hour.

So says a statement issued by his office in Carbondale, Illinois. Homer's agent may be imagined putting out such a bulletin. But not, for Homer, seven thousand words per hour! That is two words a second, and even faster when Bucky is caught up in his discourse, at about the conventional lecturer's stopping point—"I need all the time it takes." By the fourth hour the pressure of utterance has often mounted until he is barely finishing the words. Something Delphic is happening, and, caught up in his vast, integrative visions, he sends syllables tumbling like a rain of photons.

But that lies two or three hours in the future. Just now the phantom captain is electing a formulaic opening.

"I am not a genius . . ." or, "I was born cross-eyed . . ." or, "Suppose I have a rope here between my hands. . . ."

Santa Barbara, December 1967, in a TV studio, under the lights, before twenty privileged people. A videotape is in progress for the university archives. He is supposing he has that rope.

". . . between my hands; and I have tied in it an ordinary overhand knot: one rotation of 360 degrees, a second

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rotation of 360 degrees, one of them passed through the other. . . ."

(The hands whirl, shaping space. Through the new terminology we can see that knot. Tomorrow, work with pencil, paper, and string will assure us that the terminology is accurate. One circle, 360 degrees; another circle, 360 degrees; the knot does consist of two circles, and they do interlock.)

"And when I pull the ends of the rope, the knot does not disappear. The knot gets tighter. Each loop prevents the other loop from disappearing. So the knot is a pattern in the rope, and it's a *self-interfering pattern*. The harder I pull, the more the knot stays there. . . ."

It does indeed. Gesturing across his chest, he pulls that phantom knot till in empathy we seem to be pulling on it ourselves. He interrupts himself to remark that he has used this example before audiences many times and no one has ever objected that there is no knot because there is not even a rope. Something important has already happened, what he calls a first-degree generalization, one step away from every special case. We have, each of us as we watch, a distinct knot in the mind, understood as we may never have understood a knot before.

Now, he goes on, we might loosen the knot and slip it along the rope. We are then slipping rope through the knot: feeding the rope through a pattern. And if we have a nylon rope, a cotton rope, a manila rope, all spliced together, these materials will pass indifferently through that knot; so we cannot say that the *knot* is manila or nylon or cotton. The knot is a pattern, a "patterned integrity." And the knot isn't the rope. (In the same way the phantom captain is not the mechanism he commands.)

". . . a self-interfering, patterned integrity": and we are somewhere in the terrain commanded by Fuller's special jargon. This has gained him something of a reputation for being incomprehensible, as indeed he is if our habit with printed pages is to skim and dip.

Next we are told to imagine the great winds, molecules of air being sucked across the Pacific and across the California coastline and into this room and into our lungs. And out again, after the oxygen exchange. (We have possibly just expelled some molecule that once passed through Julius Caesar.)

Sixty pounds of air each day cycles through each of us, and food passes through us too, and water likewise. In a lifetime some hundred tons of solids, liquids, and gases will cycle through a man like rope passed through the knot. The man is not yesterday's steak or this moment's lungful or his most recent Martini. The man is a *self-interfering, patterned integrity*, like a knot.

A while ago he was halting, sentence by sentence. By now the cosmos of recycling patterns has taken possession of him. The voice is rapid, as though seeking means to utter many sentences at once, so doing the cosmos fit homage. The right hand, spread as though gripping crystal spheres, is pulling in quanta of sunlight; before his chest, in tense, rapid movement, his fingers fashion intricate knots. His gaze travels to some distant point along a sight line just above the listeners' heads. One node is defined and tied. To go on with the multidirectional discourse he is spinning, he must elect the filament he will follow and locate the next knotting-point. If all goes well, it will hang, when he has finished, a mini-universe, a spun skein of stars. He collects its invisible stuff out of many minds.

He feels an astonishing kinship with his audiences and would have them feel it with one another. (He dislikes politics. Politics divides.) One of his gambits is to dissociate them somewhat from their bodies. ("Stick your tongue way out before a mirror. It is a strange device. If you were tongueless and someone came offering to sell you a tongue, would you buy such a thing?") And bodies are extended and modified, by inlays, by lenses, by enema bags. Automobiles are extensions of their drivers, like hats, coats, shoes, and faces; so if the average car weighs 3,000 pounds, the average young American now weighs a ton and a half. And "the composite American extensible into his group mechanisms"—a jetliner, a railroad train, Boulder Dam—"is larger by millions of times than any historical animate organism." For if a car extends its driver's body, a jetliner extends 200 persons' bodies; and "industrial mechanisms so Gargantuan as to be without warrant as an extension of any one person are justifiable as extensions of multitudes of persons," and all people, when they are using such extensions, are "one and the same person."

But only in a certain respect; he does not thrill, as did Russian filmmakers forty-five years ago, when human passions are subsumed into the massive dance of machines. And he believes so absolutely in people's corporate wisdom that for years he has been advocating some way of taking electronic votes, to provide "an instantaneous contour map of the workable frontier of the people's wisdom."

Dilating on all matter as knotted energy, patterned energy, he might tell us that Einstein's $E=mc^2$ makes energy (E) equal mass (m) multiplied by the speed of light (c) expressed as an area: precisely because when the knot is somehow untied, the energy bound up in that mass expands at light's speed, propagating a radiant sphere, the surface of which expands as the second power of the outward velocity.

Or he might contrast this norm of patterned flow with the old norm of rest that seemed natural to Newton's mind. Or he might note that our senses can "tune in" on the knots and only some of the knots (try to eyeball the stubborn knot we call a virus), but they cannot tune the flow; and "ninety-nine per cent of the transactions of the universe are infra or ultra to man's sensory tuning."

Or, if he sensed a roguishness in the auditorium, he might serve it with a fanciful cadenza in which metabolic flow through the human knot runs backward: the excreta reabsorbed, the digested food reconstituted, the direction of cooking's molecular changes reversed, the vegetables leaping into the cans, the cans into cartons, the cartons onto trucks that back their way to the canneries; back, then, to the fields and back into the ground, to be unraveled into air and water and sun. And where does man's metabolism commence? Not in his stomach. It commences many miles away from his breakfast table, when the solar energy is captured by a leaf, and it incorporates the canneries (predigesters) and the supermarkets and the trucks and the gas that heated dinner (deputizing for body heat) after having first flowed through 1,500 miles of pipeline.

And any of these facets implies others so that if you listen to Bucky speak a number of times, you hear many things twice or three or four times, never quite in the same words and almost never in anything like the same sequence. He is tireless—until lately he hardly slept—because his energies feed on his vision of universal coherence as gods once fed on ambrosia.

No Fuller discourse predicts any other. Which leads to a general principle, one of his branching-points. "How many of you have heard of synergy? How many can tell me what synergy means?"

Show of hands, normally not many. If many hands rise, we may assume either a large contingent of veteran Fullerites or else (he says) a good many chemists.

Fuller's definition transcends the dictionary: "*Synergy*: The behavior of whole systems, unpredicted by knowledge of the component parts or of any subassembly of components." He has several favorite examples, of which the most economical is the behavior of chrome-nickel steel. Various metals have various "tensile strengths," de-

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fined as the pull that an inch-square rod is sustaining just when it parts. Iron yields to 60,000 pounds of tension, chrome to 70,000, nickel to 80,000, "manganese plus carbon, etc." to 50,000. What may we expect if we combine them?

Well, if we are making a chain, it will be "no stronger than its weakest link," which is 50,000 pounds. If we plan to melt them together, what happens will depend on the proportions, but common sense expects that the strongest ingredient, nickel, will be weakened by admixture of the others.

And common sense is as wrong as when it perceives a flat earth. For "stainless" chrome-nickel steel castings can be concocted with a tensile strength of 350,000 pounds per square inch. Is this, perhaps, by some unforeseeable logic, the sum of the combined strengths? No, the sum is only 260,000. Somehow the molecules have interlocked to produce a behavior unpredicted by what we know of the components. That is synergy.

More examples? Easy. Does the eyelash predict the eye? Do an inflammable gray metal, sodium, and a poisonous green gas, chlorine, predict the white crystalline sodium chloride we sprinkle on our meat? (This stuff—common salt—is not the sum of its molecules but of its molecules' way of combining synergetically.) Why can a 300-pound man ride a bicycle whose wheels are spoked with wires a child could bend? Why will a few of the most ordinary words in the dictionary lock together unforgettably—

. . . But I have promises to keep
And miles to go before I sleep
And miles to go before I sleep.

Why, for that matter, can a man fall in love with a few inflated dollars' worth of chemicals arranged in a structure to which he murmurs, "Darling"? Synergy again; his beloved is a Whole System, unpredicted by any knowledge of the hamburgers and the oxygen she metabolizes.

San Francisco, the third hour. Down front a sleeping infant is being passed to its father. A svelte girl rises, stretches, resettles. The video cameramen, to vary their tape, are picking up audience faces. Glimpses of fatigue, of rapture, of attention, of impassivity, drift across the monitor. Pacing an area defined by his tether, the microphone cord, Bucky is gesturing toward where infinity is supposed to lie. His discourse is of triangles.

The earth is a Whole System, even the idealized earth, the 8,000-mile smooth sphere we visualize when we imagine triangles drawn on it. And what is outside the subsystem defined by the triangle is as real, and as definite, as what is inside. (And what we are not thinking about is nonetheless there: whatever we throw into a river goes someplace; infinity does not absorb it. Lake Erie is a dying lake now because men were slow to see this.)

It follows that drawing a triangle is a moral act; it follows (for Bucky) that geometry classes are one cause of industrial pollution.

Now let us consider a real triangle, which means, in the first place, let us construct one.

We may use three strips of wood and pin them together. Tongue depressors will do. And we shall discover at once that two joints swivel freely until we connect the third, whereat, suddenly, all three angles become utterly locked. That is because each side prevents the angle opposite it from opening or closing. We have invented a device for guaranteeing the integrity of angles, which is no small achievement in a universe where change is normal. It is a self-interfering pattern, comparable to the knot. It is a structure—the minimum structure, since there is nothing you can build with *two* sticks. When he is using his terminology carefully, Bucky will call it the only structure, because there is nothing else that guards angles that way. Make a wooden square and you can deform its corners at will. (Or a wooden pentagon, or hexagon, or whatever you like. More sides will get you nowhere.) But build a diagonal into the square and it is locked, because it has suddenly become two triangles. Nothing except the triangle has that stability. Nothing.

But only in two dimensions, and real things do not have their being in Flatland. We constructed that wooden triangle in our many-ways world, and it will yield somewhat if we subject it to a maneuver not practiced in Flatland. We have only to seize one corner in our right hand and the opposite side in our left hand and twist. The tighter our joints, the less twist, but that is simply to say that whereas its resistance to having its angles opened or closed is a project of pure geometry, its resistance to twisting depends on the quality of our carpentry, which is a different thing entirely. Can we call in geometry to stiffen it against twisting?

We may think of bracing it. Here are some braces. They subdivide it into smaller triangles. If it now twists less, that is because there are more nails, each contributing its quota. But we are still depending on our skill of banging nails into joints and on the friction that grips the nails once they're in. So what else can we try?

At this point we may remember that the triangle bent into a third dimension. Can we carry geometry into a third dimension and confront the problem there? We can. We might bulge the center of the triangle outward. Let us start by putting longer sticks (B) into that six-pointed star in the center of the hexagon. Just for symmetry, we may also shorten the sticks (A) at the corners.

What happens? The center of the six-pointed star rises off the plane, because it has no choice. And if we let the corners of the large triangle point their toes inward, we shall see that the large triangle has acquired an overall curve, like the hollow of your hand, or like a triangle drawn upon the surface of a sphere. It is true that those corners will still wriggle, but the whole central zone, now saucer-shaped, has grown rigid, three-dimensionally rigid. To stabilize the corners, we might give them the support of adjacent structures. As it happens, we can make four more of these subdivided triangles, a total of five, and join their edges, and we shall find that their five top vertices are now arrayed around a zenith point and locked, and that their bottom edges make a closed perimeter that would be locked also if we spiked it to the earth, and we have made a kind of inverted skeletal saucer. It is stable, for reasons of geometry, not carpentry, and stable, moreover, in the three-dimensional world. It is stable even if all the joints are rubber. This is a simple geodesic dome. (Aren't you glad you stayed?)

Poseidon Earthshaker would have had his work cut out for him shaking down one of those. Every single triangle would resist deformation, and by the synergetic behavior of whole systems they would unexpectedly strengthen one another, since unpredicted rings now contain the stresses. But, of course, Poseidon's worshipers built in stone, which would have been an unsuitable material. (How to join all those stone blocks, leaning inward?) So it's perhaps not surprising that no Greek thought of it, though they had the geometry almost within their grasp. If you're convinced that you must build out of stone, you have no ultimate recourse against earthquakes. Discerning no good reason why temples need be of stone, we are entitled to call stone a Greek hangup. It helps us not to notice hangups of our own.

"Don't fight forces, use them," Bucky was saying as long ago as 1932. And when someone wants to learn, by all means let him. It's easier than "teaching" him later.

There is much, much more, but never what anyone expects. In Africa in 1958 thirty-five senior architectural students from the universities of Natal and Capetown waited two days with pencils and notebooks ready for data on the building project they were to do with Buckminster Fuller. "In which time of continuous lecturing," their

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report runs, "we found ourselves making copious notes, not on architecture or engineering, but on nautical history, evolutionary patterns of the progress of man and his travels across the earth, mathematics as a science of space, the processes of industry and mass production, his own experiences of automobile and aircraft design. . . ."

They then learned that their "project" had been sitting right in front of them for those two days. "The reason he could see it and we could not was the clearest example of the vision that has marked him from other men."

It was the world's oldest known toy, a small ball of interwoven bamboo. Youngsters have played with it for thousands of years. Bucky picked one up in Burma, en route to South Africa, and immediately perceived a geodesic variant. Inspired by that and by native architecture, he proposed that the students design and build (good grief!) a corrugated-aluminum geodesic Zulu hut. And they did, though the Zulu go on using grass houses nevertheless.

He may have hoped to free the Zulu a little. Zulu houses die as grass rots, or they can be burned down by a spark. Then grass must be again harvested, again woven. Meanwhile cattle were eating up the grass. Such a people spend a large part of their days maintaining their bodies and their shelters. Long ago men perceived that they might forcibly delegate a good part of this work to other men and called them slaves, thus freeing a few to devise, for instance, geometry. The custom persisted; the 1810 American census tallied one million families and one million slaves. Though many families had no slaves at all, one per family was the average. Each family lived in a house of wood or brick, and the house was worth about $350, but the slave about $450. That was sensible, really, to set more value on directable energy than on a shell.

The energy that slaveholders commanded is surprising. Using figures gathered by armies, which need to know how hard men can be pushed, Bucky once figured what a man can do with his muscles in an eight-hour day in addition to keeping alive. Set him at building pyramids or hoeing cotton for 250 days a year (fifty-two Sundays off and some fifty more days for sickness and bad weather), and we get 37.5 million foot-pounds of work out of him.

That's a kind of energy norm, and about 1940 Bucky used it to measure what we're doing for ourselves by design science. Periodically he updates the calculation. He sums the annual energy man is deriving worldwide from his fuels—the coal, the oil, the waterpower, the atomic piles—assumes that fully 96 per cent of it is squandered by friction, bad design, and general fecklessness; surveys the rest of it, moving us from place to place, carrying our messages, roasting our popcorn; and dividing the total by 37.5 million, he can tell us how many human slaves we should need to do all that. These are *world-energy slaves.* Dividing the total number of energy slaves needed to do the world's work by the number of people in the world, Bucky estimates that at present each person has 200 of these available—say, 1,000 per family, to compare with the single slave per American family in 1810. Obviously, Asians aren't getting their quota; obviously, North Americans have much of the supply cornered. Obviously, "making the world work" will mean making energy slaves uniformly accessible worldwide. This needn't mean enriching Cambodians by depriving Americans, since the pool of energy slaves has never stopped increasing. In 1950, with a smaller world population, there were only thirty-eight per person. Not only are more energy supplies tapped, conversion efficiency has been slowly increasing, and these factors together have been growing faster than the population of the world.

This may prompt Bucky's cadenza on inefficiencies, one feature of which is his vision of a million cars at any given moment standing at red lights with their motors running. He assures us this is a reasonable United States figure. And back in the heady days of the Horsepower Race, how many horses were there under all those hoods, performing with all their might an invisible tap dance while a million drivers got nowhere? Quite possibly 100 million horses, from which national stable a little of the nonsense is subtracted every time a freeway bypasses a stoplight. Throwing less energy away, that's just like tapping more of it. "Pollution" is just inefficiency.

The energy slaves—ever multiplying, ever more equitably distributed—the energy slaves will build the New Jerusalem, containing, moreover, no Dark Satanic Mills. Bucky's voice has been slowly mounting in pitch, the syllables tumbling faster but defined more sharply. Chopping his hands inward, he invokes a workable world, within the grasp, he says, of the technology we know today.

"With known technology we can take care of every human being. We can make a man a success in the universe. We can bring to every human being levels of satisfaction no one has ever dreamed of. We can do it by 1985. And don't say we can't afford it!"

As though a force field has suddenly collapsed, it is clear that he has ended. Assailed by the mounting ovation, he is giving his attention to the microphone, feeling for the fastener to unclasp it. He is suddenly minute and vulnerable. Rows of people are standing, their faces alight, applauding. Preceded by a sponsor, he limps off stage.

His back is tormenting him. Can he just get to the car and sit down? If he can't sit periodically during his talk, on a chair, on a table, anywhere, the pain starts part way into the second hour. . . . "One of my legs is shorter than the other": an apparent fault in design. □

The cadenza on inefficiencies: a million cars standing at red lights with their motors running—100 million horses from the national stable throwing energy away.

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Tipping the Balance:

THE SCHOOL VOLUNTEER

BY EVELYN SHELBY

Mike is thirteen years old and a student at a public school on the Lower East Side of Manhattan. The school sits in the middle of a mean neighborhood. It overlooks a public-housing project, the Manhattan Bridge, and a cement playground. The high fences that surround the school playground create a jaillike atmosphere that suggests, as at other houses of detention, the school may be difficult to enter but is even harder to leave, dreams intact.

Mike has already been held back one grade, more for reasons of discipline than for marks, though, of course, academic failure had a pronounced effect on his behavior. Slight and small for his age, he sees the world clearly through bright, pragmatic eyes that peer steadily out of a deep brown face. He is tough. He is hip. He is a Man. He is also at an age where the difference between surrender or survival in the institutions of education will be cemented. The prognosis is several steps to the negative side of rotten.

Yet if Mike survives, one reason may be that he has found a small oasis, an island of modest hope, within the barren surroundings of the school. This is Room 309. Physically it doesn't look much different from the other rooms. There's a large teacher's desk and eight desks for the students and a row of diminutive bookshelves. But what is different in this room are the attitudes of the adults and students. It might be best described as a quiet insurrection against prescribed failure. To Room 309, as to similar rooms in other schools throughout the city, nine adults come twice a week to offer a program of reading help. Nationwide, there are over two million volunteers working with five million children (see box). Each of the adults designated in this program as School Volunteers spends a total of four hours a week with two students. The children are selected for the program by their teachers, who believe they will not be promoted without a special, concentrated effort to improve their reading. Usually fourth- and fifth-graders enter the program. Their reading levels are often two and three years below their grade. This is a handicap that interferes with their ability to communicate—whether it's in the classroom, at home studying, taking achievement tests, or buying groceries.

Exploding into Room 309, Mike is —as you say—a challenge. I met Mike two years ago, and I was (to understate the case) totally unprepared to deal with him. The Office of

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ILLUSTRATION BY MIKE BULL

School Volunteers stresses the fact that we are not psychiatrists and pleads with teachers and principals not to send children to the program for that sort of help. "We are trained in remedial reading, period," says Marcia Shalen, director of New York City's volunteer program.

Pleas and psychological disclaimers notwithstanding, however, harassed teachers often find the promise of relief from classroom havoc too tempting to ignore. Mike had been slipped to us without prior warning, and we did not learn the scope of his problems until he began delivering jabs below the belt that left us gasping. When my chairman discovered the intensity of his needs, I was offered the opportunity to ease him out, to replace him with a less rambunctious child. I admit that I considered it for a moment . . . but by then I was already fond of him and determined to stick it out as long as I could.

Our first meeting was pleasant enough. In fact, it was fantastic. Mike launched into a verbal autobiography, touching on two brothers and three sisters and a made-up house in Brooklyn and the fact that he loved basketball more than anything else in the world. He wanted to know if I had any kids. To my negative reply, he announced in sagelike tones, "Good. They just a lotta trouble. 'Specially babies." We bounced from subject to unrelated subject for the hour, and then he was gone as suddenly as he had appeared. As I sat trying to assimilate what had happened in the hour, my gaze fell on the Magic Slate we had been using, and I saw there, scrawled in awkward script, "I love you."

"Isn't that cute?" I thought, hurrying to show my colleagues what a sweet kid I had in Mike. Ah, naïveté . . . .

Within a month Mike made his move. I had grown used to his games to put off reading. I never knew specifically what he would do but always knew to expect some attempted diversion, some excuse to forget about the books and spend the hour rapping. But the tactic he came in with on this particular day was unexpected.

"I been to Forty-second Street," he announced. "I seen a really hip movie."

"Oh, what was it?" I asked, prepared to hear some tale as innocent as it was innocuous. I don't remember the exact title, but whatever it was, Disney wouldn't have touched it with a ten-foot mouse. *Skin and Sin* or something like that. Not knowing what to say, I said nothing. Which turned out to be a major strategic error. Taking my silence for interest or license or whatever in hell he took it for, there followed a lengthy, detailed account of this cinematic delight—at least until I recouped my faltering senses and loudly changed the subject. Mike looked at me, chagrined, and I watched my hipness fall several notches in his estimation. Well, no matter. I had done the right thing . . . hadn't I?

At period's end I carried the conversation directly to my chairman. Cut across the board and dropped it, without a shred of apology, directly in her lap. That's what chairmen are for. We kicked it around for a while, discussing the dawning of adolescence, surging hormones, acceptable and unacceptable methods of expressing affection, etc., *ad* headache. In the end we determined it had been, perhaps, an off day, and in the event Mike repeated himself, I would now be prepared. Somehow, it sounded better than it played.

At our next session Mike came in, exuberant as always, threw himself in his chair, and wasted no time. "I seen another movie. *The Undergraduates.* [Pause for effect.] It was about—"

"Mike," I interrupted him, "I know what it is about."

"You seen it?"

"Well, no, I haven't seen it. But I know what kind of movie it is, and they're all about the same thing."

He threw me a lecherous sneer. I wanted to punch him in the face.

"One of the chicks looked like you,

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man," he leered. "Just like you, no lie!"

Okay, it wasn't going to be as simple as I had hoped. Those damn hormones and The Crush had short-circuited somewhere inside his libido and were sizzling and crackling all around us. From that time on our confrontations were on a man-woman level, and neither of us was prepared to cope with that sort of intensity. Mike wanted to date me. More specifically, he wanted to sleep with me, and he was not yet experienced enough to disguise those desires or channel them in more realistic directions. *I* was not prepared to deal with sexual aggressiveness from someone sixteen years my junior.

At first I tried to discourage him, in a circumventive manner, then more and more firmly as subtlety was lost on him. When he saw I was not to be conquered, finally, he was hurt, then angry. He pouted and taunted. It had dissolved, in fact, into a continuing sexual feud, and one that went in increasingly frantic circles. So there came, inevitably, The Talk. Mike, myself, and the chairman sat down, United Nations style, and told it like it was. I understood how he felt. I was plainly fond of him, too. But I would not sleep with him, and that was final. If he wanted reading help, I would be glad to oblige; but that was to be the extent of it, and the decision was his. It was a curious encounter, with Mike coming off as mature beyond anyone's expectations as he opted for the help and agreed to shelve the sexual thing for—with luck—some later date.

Hooray. Except we had spent four months on that insanity, and now it was April. That left one-and-a-half inadequate months in which to render him competent in reading. A crash program ensued that would make cramming for final exams comparable to hanging around the student union. He still cringed at the slightest mention of reading from books, so we spent more than the usual amount of time working with games—slipping in the back door, as it were. A favorite was Pirate Keys. It has a Milton Bradley look about it that so effectively conceals its educational purpose that the kids never suspect a thing. The board has a numbered trail leading to a chest of treasure, and you move along the trail by making words from cards with word beginnings drawn and matched with a constant word ending. Once a legitimate word is made, you have to make up a sentence using the word before you can advance. Mike's sentences were outrageous. If his ending was *-ack* and he drew a *B*, he seized the time to demand that I scratch his back. *Bl* with *-ock* produced, "I'm the baddest cat on my block!" There were great moments, too, as when he joined *Bl* with *-ack* to announce,"Black is beautiful," and *F* with *-ink* to state with flat finality that "President Nixon is a fink!" (Playing strictly by the rules, slang wouldn't count. But how could I void something as delicious as that?) The problems arose with illegitimate words that came dangerously close to things he'd really rather be discussing . . . *F* with *-ock* comes immediately to mind. But I learned that by simply bullying my way through to my turn, his interest in the competition overcame his desire to carry us back to Eden.

A book finally came along that captured both his cooperation and his attention. A book on—what else?—basketball, entitled *Free Throw,* and we struggled with it for the rest of the year. The story, quickly condensed, dealt with a young black boy transferred from an all-black to an integrated school. He was a nut for basketball, made the school team, and thereafter had problems relating to his teammates, only one other of whom was also black. Mike had no trouble identifying with the boy in the story, and his rages and outrages at events that threaded through each chapter were beautiful—even if they did get occasionally out of hand. When the hero failed to make team captain, for instance, Mike slammed the book down on the desk and announced that it was "shuck and jive" and that he hated it. If he absolutely had to read books, didn't we have anything on Earl the Pearl?

Who the wha . . .? "Who's Earl the Pearl?" I asked, at which point Mike slipped into something resembling the early stages of cardiac arrest. His eyes bulged; his body stiffened. His breath came in quick gasps.

"Who's Earl the Pearl?!" he repeated in shock. Several times. Embarrassed by my obviously insufferable ignorance, I maintained whatever cool I could muster and asked him to tell me about this eighth wonder of the world. There followed a lengthy account of every basket, every pivot, every dribble Mr. Monroe had made during his entire lifetime, and when Mike rattled off physical statistics, his height struck me as unusually short for a professional basketball player. "Huh!" Mike countered knowingly. "He a little dude, but he can shoot!"

Well, this was all very interesting, but the only books we had on current sports figures were graded years above Mike's tested ability, and I tried to lure him back to *Free Throw.* "Maybe," I suggested, "Earl Monroe went through this same kind of thing when he was a kid. He hasn't always played professional ball; he must have had some problems before people recognized how good he was. Why don't we see if this boy can thumb his nose at not being team captain and maybe turn out to be the star?" The old underdog appeal always has a strong pull, and so it did with Mike.

We finished the book before the last session in May, as well as finishing several thousand games of Pirate Keys and a workbook that emphasized vowels and vowel teams. Even in such a short time there were traces of marked improvement in Mike's skills. In his classroom, I learned from his teacher, he was still an unholy terror, but in our room the difference was incredible. Our discussions were relatively quiet and reasoned; his efforts were intense; and on tests I administered for my own evaluation, he averaged 4.5—a grade and a half from where we had begun.

The imminence of summer was frustrating. Mike and I had built up a momentum I feared would completely dissolve after one day of vacation; so I asked permission to see him during the summer. An unwritten, seldom verbalized, but nonetheless present rule in the School Volunteer Program is that volunteers should not become "emotionally involved" with their children. Professional objectivity and all that. There has been a relaxing of this dogma in the past year, and now volunteers and their children are encouraged to visit museums together, tour the United Nations, and other such educational adventures, but at the time a request such as mine was not often granted, and I made it with no small degree of defensiveness. My asking led to discussions at headquarters and chats with the principal, and eventually to official approval. (Happily, for I had decided to see him regardless; but it was better doing it above-board, with blessings.) Now I had only to obtain the consent of Mike's parents, necessitating an introductory visit to his home.

Mike lives a few blocks from the school, amidst all the squalor and depression that the Lower East Side has to offer. His family life is chaotic. A sometime, somewhere father who appears and disappears with the casual indifference of a man not inclined to shoulder responsibility and a mother who counts on a lucky night of Bingo at a nearby Catholic church to supplement her pitifully inadequate welfare allowance. When you walk into his apartment, the first sensation is one of immediate, intense suffocation. Not only is space at a premium, with beds and sofas crammed end to end in the tight-wedged style of Manhattan parking lots, but the heat is literally unbearable. The Lewis family is one of the few on the block fortunate enough to have working radiators, and their pride in these fixtures is expressed by having them turned full-blast, from the first nip in the air until summer beats down insistently. The air in Mike's place is dry

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SCHOOL VOLUNTEERS

The National Scene

Begun in 1964 with a grant from the Ford Foundation, the National School Volunteer Program has spread to most major cities and many rural areas in the United States. Today there are an estimated 2,031,000 volunteers working with five million children in three thousand programs. About 700 of these programs are affiliated with the national organization, and each adapts the School Volunteer format most suitable to local school conditions.

Size: The largest School Volunteer Program is in Los Angeles with nine thousand volunteers, while the smallest is in Muskingum County in Zanesville, Ohio, with nine volunteers. In Albuquerque, New Mexico, substitute teachers actively recruit volunteers; elsewhere paraprofessionals and SVP coordinators seek new members among parent groups, clubs, and churches. In Denver recruitment is the responsibility of the SVP director, while the school principals screen, train, and place the volunteers.

Training: SVPS vary greatly in their training procedures. Several give their recruits six training sessions. Others, like the program in Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania, depend upon the schools to take over after a single intensive session. Newark's program, which is built around the community, has found that formal training seems awesome to volunteers and relies instead on the informal instruction that occurs on the job.

Who Volunteers: In addition to the thousands of housewives and retired professionals who volunteer, young people have a major role in School Volunteer Programs. In Detroit students from the Future Teachers programs tutor in the junior high schools and learn as much as the younger children they help. The director of the New Orleans program uses college students from a nearby campus to fill in the attrition (common to all SVPS) of regular volunteers as the school year progresses. In Los Angeles high school and junior high school pupils, as well as students from local colleges, tutor for credit in nearby elementary schools.

Flexibility: Besides teaching, School Volunteers run special projects in health and guidance. In Columbus, Ohio, volunteers trained by the American Red Cross assist school nurses, while VICCI—Volunteers in College and Career Information—gives juniors in San Francisco high schools vocational advice and help with the complicated business of applying to a college. Many SVPS enlist the aid of business and the professions to acquaint youngsters with the world of work. The White Plains, New York, program has started a project that sends students, after school, into offices and factories. Big firms are also supplying funds to underwrite projects and equipment. The New England Telephone Company, for instance, underwrote last year's annual conference and provided training materials for the Boston volunteer program with eight hours of videotapes done by a reading specialist.

Information about the School Volunteers may be obtained by writing the National School Volunteer Program, Inc., 16 Arlington Street, Boston, Massachusetts 02116.

Elizabeth Moulton

enough to raise cacti—a feeling not far removed from the inside of one's nostrils after a few minutes there.

Mike's mother decided to love me on the spot. His father—who happened to be living in at the time—decided with an equal amount of deliberation to loathe me. He was polite but never friendly. Though he made no overt act of hostility, bad vibes oozed from him as thick as tar with feathers to follow, and I could practically see the scenes playing furiously inside his head: white liberal bitch. Even while trembling inwardly—he is a hell of a big man, with a scowl and temper to match his appearance—I appreciated his honesty. I just didn't know how to react to it. Not while at the same time his wife was behaving as if I were an angel descended from heaven, bringing light and hope to her world. To my relief, Mike was quickly bored with adult visitation rituals and insisted impatiently, "Let's get goin'."

Our first trip, early in June, was to the Cloisters, the branch of the Metropolitan Museum that contains the medieval collection. Mike was immediately impressed with the castle, and he Count-of-Monte-Cristoed his way through the halls, stopping every now and then briefly to examine paintings and burial vaults. When we arrived in the room with the Unicorn Tapestry, he held his breath and stood still longer than I could remember his ever doing before.

"What's that?" he finally whispered.

Taking him to the plaque on the wall, I asked him to read it to me. He did, sounding out letters and syllables until he had read the whole thing himself. He wanted to know, then, all about unicorns—where they lived, whether they were real or not—and made up a story on the spot about a time when "I was five years old and went huntin' for the magic unicorn." Since I just happened to have a notebook and pencil with me, I suggested we go sit in the garden, where he could write down his story while it was still fresh in his mind. He balked at all that writing, so we compromised by letting him dictate while I scribbled in haste to keep up with his top-speed imagination. He read the story back to me, obviously impressed with his own cleverness and enjoying himself tremendously, and then we went on to a few more rooms. Nothing could top the unicorn, though, so after another viewing we wound up our Cloisters tour and went outside on the lawn for hot dogs and Frisbee.

Toward the end of the summer he came to my apartment for a structured reading lesson. I had borrowed several books from the program in anticipation of some meeting of prepared tutoring, but somehow the easy warmth of June, July, and August made anything resembling classroom activity about as appealing as a cold fried egg. The first half hour dissolved into playing with my cats and drinking several dozen glasses of Kool-Aid, but when I suggested we get down to business, he walked over to my bookshelf and took down *Manchild in the Promised Land*.

"What's this about?" he asked, flipping through pages and focusing on Claude Brown's picture on the jacket.

"It's about growing up in Harlem," I answered, "and about the life of the man who wrote it."

"Yeah? What happened to him?"

Common sense was telling me that it was ridiculous even to entertain the idea that Mike could read that book, but after a bare moment's hesitation I said, "Want to read it and find out?"

"Yeah, man." He brought it to the couch and plopped down beside me. "You help me with the hard words?"

I agreed, fully expecting to offer three out of every four words on the page but curious to see whether Mike's interest was real or merely an effort to impress me. He had never chosen a book on his own, wouldn't go *near* the shelf at school, had to be cajoled

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into even the smallest effort. Whether he could read it or not, the mere fact that he had selected it, without prompting, encouraged me. It was two-and-a-half pages before he stumbled over a word he simply couldn't handle. I had had to define a few words for him, but he had sounded them all out—he had read them—himself, without so much as a single clue from me. I was as lavish in my praise as he was immodest in accepting it.

If this was the yield of "emotional involvement"—a relationship of warm concern, real friendship, and steady improvement—I can't consider the giant hunks of objectivity lost along the way as an important loss.

I was filing books on a lower shelf at the beginning of this school year when Mike sneaked up behind me. Throwing his arms around my unsuspecting shoulders, he planted a self-conscious kiss on my cheek.

"I was afraid you wouldn't be back," he mumbled, embarrassed now by his lack of cool.

It was hardly likely I'd be anywhere else, given my fondness for Mike and my determination to follow the tunnel through, now that rays of light were visible at its end. The vibes were good that morning for our reunion, and when he left, I recall making positive—if hasty—predictions about what a great year it was going to be.

But Mike's high spirits vanished in the hall on his way back to class. His teacher this year is a stern disciplinarian. A structured—one is tempted to say "rigid"—woman who only reluctantly agreed to release him twice a week for reading help. This is not to say that she is heartless. In fact, she cares deeply about "her children." But she is stingy with her smiles, and there is no tolerance about her, a titanic shortcoming when considered in relation to Mike. By the time Mike returned to his classroom, his defenses were up, his jaw set in defiance, and his walk assumed a tough swagger as he made his way to an isolated desk. Set apart from the rest of the class, he flopped into the seat, closed his eyes, and readied himself for another three-hour nap.

Watching this scenario, noticing the blatant boredom oozing from his posture and expression, I hurried back to 309 and confronted my chairman. "What's with Mike being segregated from the rest of his class?" I demanded. "The year's just begun; he *can't* have done anything all that terrible yet!"

Preventive medicine, I was told, in hopes Mike—if contained and controlled early on—could make it through the year without being bounced out of the school. I walked off mumbling about self-fulfilling prophecies and lack of sensitivity.

Mike came in for the second session with the same enthusiasm he had shown earlier in the week, and I was quick to capitalize on such unusual cooperation. Knowing his passion for basketball, I selected a book that was graded several levels above his tested ability. Because of its concentration on a number of his special heroes, I had planned to read it *to* him as a special treat. (I had *Manchild in the Promised Land* on the desk, available, but he had not yet picked it up or even mentioned it.) He did pick up the basketball book, turned directly to the section on the Knicks, and began to read. Hesitantly at first, then with firm assurance as he warmed to the profiles. When he stopped to check the impression he was making, he found me patting myself on the back in total abandon. Grinning, he attacked the book again with even greater fervor.

"Why ain't Earl the Pearl in here?" he demanded, outraged at the apparent omission of his favorite figure.

"Well," I answered, "this book was printed last year, and if I remember right, he didn't play for the Knicks then."

"He play for the Knicks now," he insisted, unconvinced.

I suggested he look for "The Pearl" in the section on his previous team, the Baltimore Bullets. When Mike found the profile there, his scorn doubled in intensity.

"Them fools don't even know the dude moved!" he scoffed in blatant contempt for the ineptitude of publishing houses. Thus assured of his own superior reasoning, he read the profile nonstop from start to finish without tripping over a single word. At session's end, head filled with accolades of praise, he fairly beamed his way out of the room.

From his performance throughout the summer and now in the second year, it was clear that Mike could, most definitely, read. Whenever it suits him—and there's the rub. It doesn't often suit him, and he has been kept in the program this year with a concentration on attitude and motivation. There hasn't been the same success in that area, unfortunately, and when last queried, he still considered the whole idea of books ultimately boring—that is to say, beside the point.

"Look," he said one morning after receiving a low-key lecture having to do with the importance of a good education, "I don't care about no dumb books. When I get outta school, I won't need no books to do what I'm gonna do, so it don't make no difference."

What he plans to do when he gets out of school, it turned out, is hustle. On the streets. As a fence, or maybe run numbers—but nothing having to do with books, sister, so can the jive.

In line with attempted motivation, Mike has spent this half of the year working with another volunteer—a man, who knows basketball inside and out—and while he felt somewhat betrayed at first and let me know it in a hundred less-than-subtle ways, he *has* clearly become more interested, and all his scowls *in toto* can't keep it from showing.

His story, in spite of its qualifications, is one of success and one of which School Volunteers is rightfully proud. He may never be the sort of person who reads for pleasure, but he is now at least a person who can read on more than a narrowly functional level, and it has shown up in every phase of his school activities this year. He still spends more time in the principal's office than anyone would like, and he still scores disappointingly low under pressure on reading tests; but he understands directions on math exams now, and he can use a dictionary. He can, when so inclined, do his homework and memorize lines for class plays. He has, quite simply, a basic skill, the lack of which in previous years thwarted even his mildest efforts to learn.

They aren't all like Mike, of course. In the same school a fifth-grade girl had to be dropped from the program because what she really needed was a mother and nothing less could help one whit. A street-wise boy of the same "personality type" as Mike is still—after two years—too busy proving his toughness and sophistication to sound out any word over two syllables. But then there is Diane, who at the end of last year made the school honor roll in reading achievement; Marta, who has learned to relax and figure out how words *might* sound instead of guessing wildly in desperation; Mimi, who is so proud of her own progress that she has started an after-school tutoring class for her less-fortunate friends. So it balances out. Or some might say that when even one child is helped, it doesn't balance at all but tips decidedly to the positive.

But whether the program works or not is decided, finally, by the children themselves. It is interesting to note that kids stop volunteers in the halls of the school and beg to be admitted to the program. "I can't read at all," they wail. "Not even my name!" (Grade schoolers are much given to exaggeration; it is at times their greatest charm.) Children in the program scheme to have their friends admitted, too, insisting they wouldn't mind *sharing* a volunteer for awhile until a space opens. But the richest reward any volunteer can receive is a remark Mike made at the end of a day that wasn't altogether pleasant for him.

"I didn't even want to learn how to read," he grumbled, his head buried in a seventh-grade book. "Now look what she's got me doin' . . . ." □

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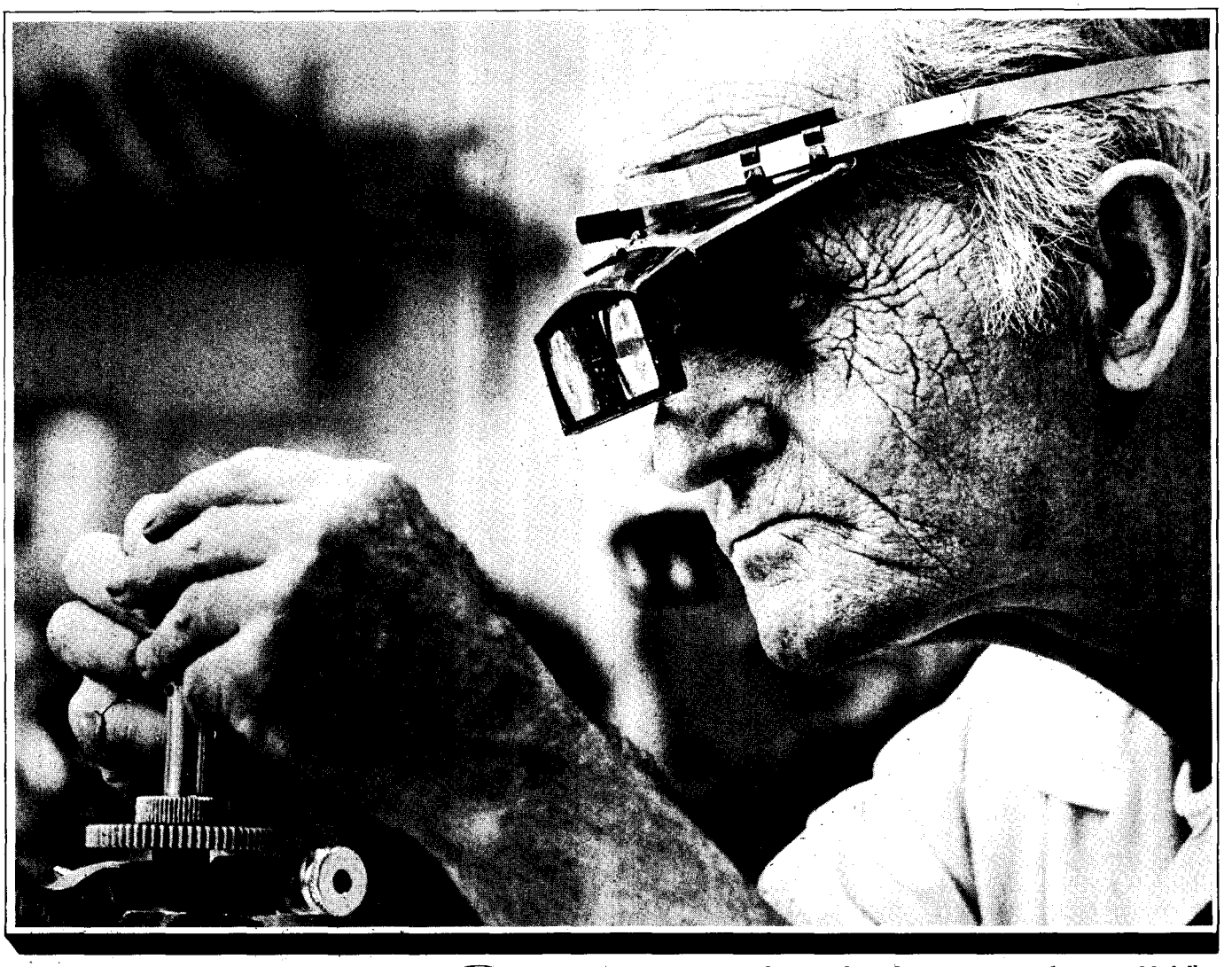
GOLDEN OLDIES

Senior Citizens Go Back to School



BY K. C. COLE

"Our society is geared to drop-out retirement," says Sidney Colen, developer of the On Top of the World condominium complex in Pinellas County, Florida. "But it's a shame to spend your life perfecting yourself in a field and then do nothing. Senility is not a necessary disease; ninety per cent of it comes from mental laziness." Mental laziness has long been an accepted part of growing old in America. But in recent years school boards, universities, retirement associations, and local senior citizens' groups across the country have caught on that there's at least one kind of student that is eager to eat up as much mental stimulation and activity as the educators can dish out—old folks.

Pinellas County is old folks country. Almost 30 per cent of the residents are sixty-five years old or older. They come from all over the United States—at the rate of 1,000 every eight days—to settle in the city of St. Petersburg and the suburban towns of Clearwater and Largo. More and more of them who can afford to do so are buying into the condominium apartment complexes that are springing up along Florida's Gulf Coast. The condominiums offer security, companionship, and recreation. Increasingly, they offer education as well.

The billboards along Route 19 (most of them built in the last two years) are a developer's dream. "Life's Greatest Dreams Come True at Greenbriar."

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"Discover Mediterranean Gold for a Richer Life at Mediterranean Manors." "Serendipity Homes: An Unexpected Pleasure in Mobile Home Living." "Sun City Center: The Adult Adventure Community." The billboard promising "A Whole New World of Living On Top of the World" leads through an erector-set arch of triumph (policed by a uniformed condominium guard) straight toward what looks like a papier mâché globe of the world—twenty-five feet tall. Beyond the globe the oval driveway surrounds an "authentic Grecian Garden," where miniature gods and goddesses pray in gilt temples and romp among the fountains and palm trees.

Three thousand retirees live On Top of the World in twenty unique buildings—each based on one of the "architectural designs of the world"—Bavarian Chalet, Polynesian, Rancho del Mundo, South Georgian. The 500 acres will eventually house 11,000 people. Already there are two golf courses, a pool, a shuffleboard court, a theater, and a private transportation system. At nine o'clock in the morning the bocce court is full: "Come on, baby, push!" "Ataboy!" "You dirty stinker!" The calendar of daily events reads like a summer-camp schedule: 9:00, cooking; 9:30, ceramics; 10:00, art; 10:30, advanced Spanish; 11:00, bird life of Florida; 11:30, library; 12:00, slimnastics; 12:30, Bunka embroidery; 1:00, parapsychology, etc. Bridge all day, and bingo, ballroom dancing, and theater workshop at night.

Ever since On Top of the World opened in 1968, the Pinellas County school system has offered courses there in languages and history. Last April, St. Petersburg Junior College launched its condominium education program at On Top of the World. "These are middle-income people who are used to being active," says James W. Pfister, director of the college's off-campus programs. "They need something to do. The social directors at the condominiums need things for them to do. Mr. Colen even built a special partition in the recreation hall so we could have some quiet for classes."

Behind the partition, across from the sewing class, next to the pool room, and down the corridor from the Yoga class, Francesca Macklem of the college teaches creative writing to ten elderly women, one thirtyish woman, and one elderly man. The man writes a column for *On Top of the World News*. Other students work on novels, plays, poems. A former exchange-student hostess polishes off her novel about a visiting Arab student who takes possession of the mind of the protagonist—his hostess. Another On Top of the Worlder, a former stewardess who survived a major air crash in 1934, writes an autobiographical account of what stewardessing was like in the days before "coffee, tea, or milk." A third writes Greek children's stories. She also wrote a play that was performed by the On Top of the World theater. "I'm so busy here, when can I write? I had more time to myself before I retired."

Only 200 students are enrolled in the St. Petersburg college condominium program. Another 400 attend noncredit off-campus courses at churches, hospitals, centers for the deaf, savings and loan associations. A course in Chinese culture through cooking is offered at the Clearwater Gas Company. And almost 13,000 students will attend courses in the on-campus adult program this year. "Adult programs used to be the

Senior citizens at the Mirror Lake Adult Center love school. The lapidary workshop (preceding page—a student facets a smoky quartz for a ring) is everybody's favorite. Top left, beginning musicians help each other out—one plays the left hand while the other plays the right. Bottom left, proud creators of a wood-and-marble lamp show off their handiwork. Above and right, arts-and-crafts students make "film flowers."

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PHOTOGRAPHY BY AL CLAYTON

Deschooling Senior Society

More than 4.5 million senior citizens are members of the American Association of Retired Persons–National Retired Teachers Association. Nine years ago the AARP-NRTA started the Institutes of Lifetime Learning in order to promote educational programs especially geared to the needs of older people. The two large institutes in Washington, D.C., and Long Beach, California, both enroll about 1,200 students and serve as experimental centers where new programs are developed. The smaller "extension" institutes, started two years ago, now enroll some 1,500 students in twenty communities.

Leroy E. Hixson, dean of the Institutes of Lifetime Learning, believes that nonthreatening education is the key to successful adult programs. The institute guidelines call for no homework, no exams, no diplomas. Most teaching takes place in sites other than classrooms and is conducted at a slower pace. Only students fifty-five and older are admitted. And courses are labeled with "nonthreatening" names. "Be Alive as Long as You Live" is really a psychology course. "School is a dirty word around here," says Hixson. "And we don't have classes. We have group meetings. The old words turn people off because of the bad experiences they had in school."

Institute courses are not meant to be substitutes for college or other degree-granting programs. But they let many senior citizens get their feet wet before plunging into a full-time college program.

Any AARP-NRTA member can start an Institute of Lifetime Learning by writing Dean Hixson at 215 Long Beach Boulevard, Long Beach, California 90802. Memberships cost $2 a year and include subscriptions to *Modern Maturity* and the AARP News Bulletin, and a variety of medical, insurance, and recreational programs. □

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bastard child of education," says Dave Fellows, director of continuing education for the college. "Adult education meant remedial education—something for immigrants and people seeking high school diplomas. But now it's a very sophisticated area. We even have new names for it—continuing education, community services. Old people want to catch up on things they missed—especially new things that weren't developed when they went to school."

To satisfy the need to learn "new things" the college offers parapsychology at On Top of the World—a course that deals, among other things, with telepathy, clairvoyance, and psychokinesis." Francesca Macklem teaches her students about the fans of color that emanate from their shoulders, the "energy fields" that surround their heads—blue bands for highly physical people, yellow sparks for the superspiritual. In addition to parapsychology, the college offers condominium botany and other upbeat courses. "People don't want to learn about aging. It's too depressing," says Dave Fellows. Meanwhile, Sidney Colen dreams about a beautiful future On Top of the World: "I think an On Top of the World Extension University is entirely possible, with top educators conducting adult courses leading to our own degree in retirement living . . . perhaps a Bachelor of Living degree!"

About twenty miles due south of On Top of the World, an entirely different kind of continuing education takes place. The Mirror Lake Adult Center in downtown St. Petersburg caters largely to people who can't afford the $10–$15 tuition that the junior college charges. People who are lonely and have a lot of time on their hands. People who don't make distinctions between "college" courses and the regular courses offered by the Pinellas County school system's general adult-education program. Pinellas County doesn't offer parapsychology. It does offer the "All About Aging Workshop"—$3 for a ten-week course—which is one of the best crowd pleasers around.

On the ground floor of the Mirror Lake Center (a three-story stone structure, which in better days housed St. Petersburg High School), some thirty elderly men and women lean forward from straight-backed chairs in order to catch every word of Dr. Robert Davis's lecture on aging. There's barely enough room for everyone, and some chairs are almost in the hallway. Today's talk concerns how people can live long and happy lives. In societies where people live longer, says Dr. Davis, older people work. They gain, rather than lose, status in the community as they age. "They say that in Russia the grandparents are very important because they look after the little children," offers one student. "We don't have that kind of family unity here," says another. When Dr. Davis suggests that next week the class discuss "what's new in aging," he gets an enthusiastic response. "But don't forget you promised to talk about insomnia!" "What, about arthritis?" "And hypertension!" One man reminds Dr. Davis that he forgot to talk about loss of memory.

Mirror Lake is the largest of sixty-nine centers run by Louis Meeth, director of general adult education for Pinellas County schools. It enrolls more than 1,000 students at a time in courses ranging from Chinese to law for the layman to defensive driving. Helen Meeth, former school teacher and recent bride of her sixty-five-year-old boss, directs the center with the industriousness and good cheer of Santa Claus. In addition to classroom activities she organizes, along with her husband, a TV program called Seniors in Action. Anybody who renders a service to senior citizens can appear for three minutes, three times a week on Rus Byrd's Good Morning Show aired by ABC's local affiliate WLCY. The adult-education program also runs a referral center that handled over 12,000 requests last year for information on jobs, housing, and medical matters. A Reassurance Service telephones homebound senior citizens once a day to make sure nobody's slipped in the bathtub. All this, according to Louis Meeth, is "education."

Twenty-eight years ago Dr. Meeth quit his law practice to "convince people of the value of education." His programs in Pinellas County now enroll 6,500 people at a time. "If you sit back and do nothing, you become a negative person, against everything. Of course, changing habits threatens people. So you've got to push them. When I speak to the Kiwanis Club, for example, I challenge them. 'Do you know how to take care of your wife when she comes home from the hospital?' I tell them they're lazy. Finally, I convince them to start a health-and-home course."

Meeth says the reason why many adult-education programs are not successful is that they don't respond to community needs. "Some of these programs offer stuff like economics. Do you want to study economics? Of course not. But you want to know how to prepare your income tax, don't you? You want to learn about investments and how to save a buck. You know, some people just don't think of education as a public service. But education doesn't belong to the school or the principal or even the neighborhood. It belongs to the people."

Somehow, Dr. Meeth has gotten his message across. Community use of public school facilities in Pinellas is widespread. For example, the Pinellas Opportunities Council channels food-stamp and commodities recipients referred to them from the welfare department and other poverty agencies to a special school-run cooking class. Many of the cooking students live alone. They don't know what a balanced diet is and lack the motivation to cook the right kinds of food. The budget-cooking course gives them recipes as well as a free meal once a week. In Thursday's class they were cooking Jiffy Hamburger Stroganoff. Those who couldn't stand on their feet for long periods did such sit-down jobs as chopping. While the meal cooked, they discussed measurements and nutrition. One woman stayed around all day just to help out, to feel useful, to combat loneliness. And everybody had a good time.

Having a good time (joy of learning), combating loneliness (alienation), and feeling useful (relevance) are important in adult education—just as they are in other areas of schooling. So are seeing results and being free from competition. In the Mirror Lake lapidary workshop elderly people proudly show off the jewelry they have made for friends and relatives. The arts and crafts room looks like the best of the open classrooms. People work on their own projects at their own pace. There is plenty of "stuff" to work with. In the music room another "learning philosophy" naturally takes its course—peer-group support. Pairs of students huddle over the two pianos and the organ—six in all—playing the Waltz on C Chord. One student plays the left hand while the other plays the right.

These learning techniques aren't spelled out in formalized guidelines even though, clearly, they are working. Gerontology centers are springing up all over the country to put the needs and habits of old people under a microscope. The University of South Florida in Tampa even offers a master's degree in aging.

It's doubtful, however, that even the best of the gerontology centers can teach as much about senior citizens—and why they're the happiest students around—as can one day of watching the people at Mirror Lake. In Room 110 eight elderly women are struggling through beginning Spanish. Four are planning trips to Spanish-speaking countries. But the other four are there merely for the mental stimulation—for the joy of learning. "I took Spanish because languages are very hard for me," said one lady. "The brain is a muscle. If you don't exercise it, it goes slack. I've always believed that small minds think about people, mediocre minds about things, and great minds about ideas. A lot of old people around here waste all their time thinking about people. Learning something keeps your mind on ideas." □

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Guest in a Strange House

A Black at Harvard

BY SYLVESTER MONROE

I am part of a new and growing group of black students for whom Harvard is a new experience. In fact, until I was a sophomore in high school, I had never even heard of Harvard College. When I graduate from Harvard this June, I will be the first member of my family to receive a college degree. But, even after three-and-one-half years at Harvard, I still find it extremely difficult—even impossible—to think of myself as a "Harvard man." Instead, I feel more like a guest in a strange house where my welcome has all but run out. I am nearing the end of a four-year visit during which I have never felt at home.

The problem is that the traditional Harvard just isn't my Harvard. The Harvard of my experience has been three years of a totally black experience—black roommates, black friends, black dining-hall tables, black dances, black student organizations, black building takeovers, black studies, and black ideology, all isolated within the confines of an otherwise white university.

A recent black graduate of Harvard told me that although black students have studied here for more than a century, their experience really represented only a passing through in which they were always careful never to upset the status quo. "For more than one hundred years," he said, "black students have found themselves, in effect, in a revolving door that has momentarily offered access to Harvard and then quickly spun them out into the cold world again."

After almost a century without change the 1960s created a new kind of black student, full of the awareness that black is beautiful and proud and powerful and often violently antiwhite. Responding to the militant stance of urban black people during the Sixties, Harvard and other prestigious white colleges started to recruit those students. The big push came in 1968, when for the first time there were almost 100 black students in Harvard's freshman class. (As late as 1965 there were less than two dozen black students in the entire college.) Each year since 1969, when I arrived, Harvard has admitted about 130 black freshmen, bringing the current black enrollment to more than 520 in a total undergraduate population of about 6,000 students.

Wherever they could be found—in the graduating classes of inner-city high schools or on ghetto street corners—young black kids who had never even heard of the Ivy League were brought to Harvard "to make it" in the white world. Unquestionably, it was a bold and—in one sense—even admirable venture; yet it also was blind. For, in essence, Harvard was bringing black students to a swimming hole and telling them to swim.

Sylvester Monroe is a senior at Harvard College and has worked as a reporter for Newsweek *in Chicago.*

Consequently, a lot of black students were able to stay afloat only with the aid of summer enrichment programs like ABC (A Better Chance), Upward Bound, and others designed to help bridge the enormous gap between black inner-city schools and prestigious white ones. In my own case the jump from the 100 per cent black Wendell Phillips High School on Chicago's South Side was bridged by a year at the Duke University ABC program in 1966, and then three years at St. George's prep school in Newport, Rhode Island.

But there were countless others who, without the benefits of such transition, were simply left to drown. Harvard did not recognize any responsibility to black students beyond the initial step of bringing them here.

Beginning in the mid-Sixties, Harvard and a steadily growing group of black students began feeling their way through a totally new experience—a kind of "great experiment" in which a handful of confused and frightened black youths found themselves charged with the mammoth task of developing better racial relations with a scared and uncertain white college community.

Even as late as 1969 black students were coming to Harvard *expecting* to be accepted and absorbed into the mainstream of university life. Although filled with anxiety about a variety of concerns, including the fear of failing

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academically, very few came with any intention or desire to separate themselves from white people.

In fact, in those years between 1965 and 1969 most blacks still had white roommates, and many of them even participated in white social activities. (They did so partly because the number of blacks hadn't grown sufficiently to form black organizations and partly because blacks were genuinely seeking to get along with the white community.)

When I first came here, I had two white roommates—by choice. Although I got along well with them during my freshman year, relations with other whites often were not as pleasant, for it seemed at times that there was just too much that white Harvard students did not know.

I remember vividly the questions they would ask: Someone would want to know whether my parents grew up on a plantation or whether my grandmother was a slave. Or someone else might ask whether my family's diet consisted mainly of soul food or whether anyone in my family had ever won a dance contest because of natural rhythm. I recall a friend's telling me once that a white girl even wanted to touch her (Afro-styled) hair.

Although I had experienced much the same kind of ignorance and naïveté in prep school, somehow it all seemed a lot worse at Harvard. It was with increasing difficulty that I tried to ignore feelings that I was being used as a guinea pig, a black showpiece for the Harvard administration—which, in fact, was what most of us were.

As it turned out, rather than suffer the tongue-in-cheek naïveté so evident in many of those questions, many of us began desperately seeking other black students while consciously avoiding any unnecessary contact with anyone white—student or faculty.

It didn't take long to find a small group of blacks who felt pretty much as I did, and we began meeting for late evening bull sessions anywhere we could be assured of being alone. The main topic of discussion always centered on our daily experiences on a white campus or on the similarities of our past lives in inner-city ghettos. But, better than anything else about those meetings, I remember the deep sense of closeness and solidarity we felt. It was like a breath of fresh air after we had put up all day with the patronizing attitudes of white students and professors. After several of these bull sessions I decided about midway through my freshman year that I would have black roommates for the rest of my stay at Harvard. For the past three years that is exactly how it has been.

It was early in that first year also that I became influenced by the black ideology of the Association of Afro-American Students (Harvard Afro)—at that time a highly active and political black student organization that was partly responsible, during the student strike in the spring of 1969, for bringing about the establishment of an Afro-American Studies Department.

Because everybody around me had been black on the South Side of Chicago, I wasn't confronted with my blackness until I had arrived at St. George's School. But even there I never really had to put it into any particular perspective. Instead, I always told myself that although I am black, I am first of all a human being, and that ultimately the latter fact would prove more important than the former in whatever I might do. But as a result of my associations with Harvard Afro, the emphasis gradually shifted, despite the many attempts I made to prevent it. For the first time in my life I realized that the facts of race and color do not change simply because one goes to a white prep school or college. Everything I have done since then has been guided by a conscious black perspective.

> It is with a keen sense of personal guilt that black students attend Harvard while their families live and struggle in black ghettos.

To understand the profound effect this change of attitude had upon me is to understand how I suddenly felt about the classes I was taking, indeed, about almost every facet of my life at Harvard. For example, in the spring term of my freshman year, during a humanities lecture, I suddenly found myself wondering what possible connection there could be between *Beowulf* (the subject of the lecture) and any solution to the problems of black people in America. Quickly I decided there was none, walked out of the lecture hall, and stopped attending the course.

In the same way I canceled my participation in many other black-white activities that seemed to me of no particular value in preparing to help better the plight of all the black people I'd left back home in Chicago. I stopped eating at mixed dining-hall tables in order to avoid going through the empty motions of talking to white students. I stopped taking courses that weren't taught entirely in lectures, because I didn't want to talk with white teaching fellows. Our desire to avoid any kind of exchange with whites was so intense that during the annual sophomore dinner in the Leverett House dining hall, after finishing a specially prepared dinner of steak and wine and apple pie, about ten of us—all sitting at the same table—walked out just as the house master began his welcoming address!

In other words, for the past three years my stance—and that of the great majority of my contemporaries—has been that I simply have no time for those parts of the Harvard College curriculum and social life that seem to have nothing positive or relevant to offer to my experiences and goals.

What has been most frustrating in my four years here is that I have found so very little in any aspect of the school that has not reflected a negative attitude toward black people and their worth as contributing members of the human race. It is that way in history courses. It is that way in English. It is that way in house activities. It is that way in sports (according to one of my roommates who is a leading member of the varsity basketball team).

Intellectually, I still believe there is a great deal to be gained by staying here. Thus, I have remained, but not without suffering the painful experience of fulfilling academic requirements that adopted a negative posture toward black people. In my major, social studies—a combination of American history and economics—I was required to take one-and-a-half courses in history. One of these was an intellectual-history course covering the span of American history from the beginning to the present in sixty-seven lectures. Black peoples' contributions were mentioned in only two of those during the entire year: once with respect to the issue of slavery and once to explain black intellectuals' involvement with socialism and communism in the early twentieth century.

Similarly, my other roommate, an economics major whose interest is economic development, had to take a course in which the professor would ask such questions as: "Why hasn't black Africa developed economically?"

As the years have brought more black students to Harvard, more of them have found it easier to live and interact among themselves, developing cultural and educational programs that meet their own needs. Harvard is today confronted not only with more black students than ever before but with increasingly louder and more militant demands for "relevancy" in the college experience. The black challenge has

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become a demand for Harvard's acceptance of the full responsibility for bringing black students here, in the same way that the students have had to wrestle with the keen sense of guilt they feel being here while their families still struggle in black ghettos.

I remember well the guilt my roommate and I felt as sophomores living in a plush, apartmentlike dormitory suite equipped with such luxuries as a refrigerator, private bath, private bedrooms, and a living room with a large plate-glass picture window looking out over the banks of the Charles River. To this day it still seems terribly inconsistent that we are actually living better as students in a college dormitory than we have ever lived in our own homes in two of the many overcrowded, dirty housing projects of Chicago and New York City.

The one sure way of easing such guilt was to demand "relevance" from Harvard, which means, in effect, instruction that can be directed toward improving the quality of life for blacks as a whole in this country. I recall my participation in the 1969 black student takeover of a Harvard administration building. The issue we demonstrated against was alleged hiring discrimination by the university against black painting contractors and construction workers. But when a university dean shouted through a bullhorn that unless we left the building immediately we'd all be suspended from school, I suddenly couldn't think of any good reason for being there in the first place, except that I felt if I hadn't gone in, I'd have been a traitor to the black cause. Much later in the summer I realized that I had occupied University Hall not so much for the sake of the painters but instead to convince myself and my peers that being at Harvard had not made me forget where I came from.

By seeking to relieve their guilt via building takeovers, strikes, and other kinds of demonstrations and by exercising their desire for "privacy," black students have baffled and embittered the white Harvard community.

To them black isolation is an ambivalent stance. As one white educator reflected, "It is like an incredible paradox in which black students who once objected to separatism in all-black colleges now shun the mainstream of college life at Harvard and develop isolated programs of their own."

In 1969, when blacks demanded that the university make some changes in its curriculum, many white faculty were frightened by the students' implied threats of violence if their demands were not met. Consequently, motivated by fear more than reason, the faculty voted to support the students' demands for a separate black-studies program, which is today essentially a social science and humanities-oriented program of readings in the history of black culture.

I think the faculty vote reflected also a conscious desire to "give the niggers anything they want so long as it will keep them quiet." It was also, I think, an easy way of washing their hands of the whole matter, leaving to the students themselves the responsibility of educating black students.

The situation is similar with respect to the other aspects of black isolation. Even though whites at all levels of the university have complained about such things as being denied seats at all-black dining-hall tables, none of them, it seems, has been particularly disturbed enough really to do anything about it. Neither does there seem to be much concern at all that more frequently black students are missing classes and subsequently not receiving the instruction they desperately need. Instead, under the pretense of "respecting their wishes" whites are simply ignoring black students altogether, leaving them to sink or swim on their own.

But the blame does not belong only to the whites. Blacks have been equally complacent about their own responsibilities as students. More and more young blacks who come here are becoming much too comfortable behind a superficial shield of black solidarity. Somehow, they are blinded, it seems, by the small amount of effort it takes to isolate oneself from almost everything that isn't particularly appealing.

In essence, too many blacks simply misuse the ideological strength of black solidarity as a kind of cover to dupe the white community into believing that behind their united front of blackness they are mature, self-confident, and functioning black individuals, who know exactly what they want and how they will get it. But what I see and hear instead are insecure and frightened young black men and women, who—in the words of a James Brown song—are constantly "talking loud and saying nothing" in an attempt to persuade themselves, more than anybody else, that they have the right answers.

Eating lunch with a group of black freshmen and sophomores last spring, I overheard one of them say to another: "You know, I'm really glad I'm at Harvard and not Howard. I've heard they [the Howard faculty and administration] don't take no stuff down there." I realized that he was glad to be at Harvard because here, being black, he can get through without ever really applying himself. Yet maybe he should have preferred being at Howard, where the instructors would make certain he got the basic remedial skills that so many of us never mastered before coming to Harvard. Black students often do not get adequate remedial preparation before entering Harvard through no fault of their own. What is in part their fault is that in four years of college many never even attempt to acquire these skills.

On the other hand, it is quite difficult to get that kind of extra help at Harvard without asking for it, which only compounds the problems of black students who are isolated from the white college community. "There are a number of black students now doing *B* work who could be doing *A* work," says Archie C. Epps, Harvard's black dean of students. "The reason they are not is that they have isolated themselves from the intellectual strength of the Harvard community."

Martin A. Kilson, a professor of government who is one of the most powerfully influential black individuals at Harvard, adds, "The problem with black students at Harvard is that they are too caught up in ideology. Most people who deal in ideologies believe only ten per cent of it, at most. But blacks at Harvard want to believe ninety per cent of their own ideological bullshit."

Meanwhile it is 1972, and increasingly I hear of blacks—just three or four or five years out of school, holding degrees from Harvard or Yale—who discovered that they could not handle the everyday demands of their jobs. The world, it seems, has suddenly caught up with many of them and pulled the covers from an empty four years in the Ivy League. One by one, they've thrown up their hands to the realization that there is no great demand for "showcase niggers" today.

The first fifteen black students with degrees in Afro-American studies have already graduated from Harvard. While a couple of them have gone to law school or divinity school, the overwhelming majority are now teaching black history. I cannot help thinking that if the future holds nothing more for the graduates of black-studies departments than teaching jobs in the black community, then who will be the black doctors, the technicians, and the architects of the future black community? I cannot help thinking also that it might have been better for many of us to have gone to Tougaloo College in Mississippi or Fisk or Howard or anywhere other than a place like Harvard, where if one is black, he must necessarily shut himself off from the strength of the institution in order to affirm his self-identity.

As for me personally, I am on the brink of being thrust out into that same complex and demanding white world, and, quite frankly, I feel very inadequate about my past three years at Harvard, which were lived in an almost totally isolated black vacuum. To be sure, I am thoroughly confused. □

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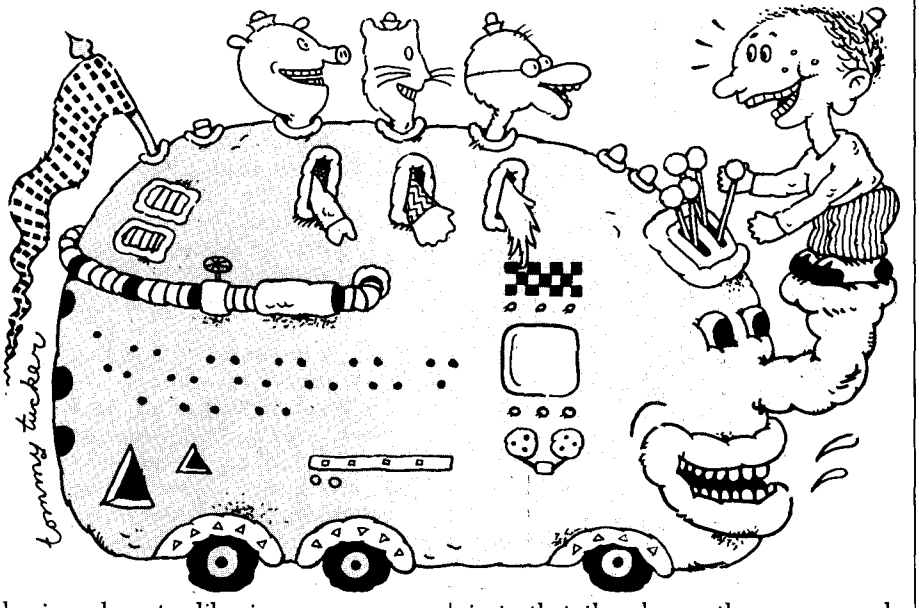
EARLY CHILDHOOD

Play Pays Off

It seems all wrong to combine a serious matter like learning and a trivial matter like play. Yet as we move up the scale of evolution, the amount of play steadily increases. The higher species play; the lower species do not. The amount of play and game behavior also steadily increases as we climb the scale of cultural complexity. This suggests that play has some payoff in evolution and in culture. But if play is functional, it must be because the players are learning something. And yet, if these higher species are learning, they are certainly not learning in the way we usually think one learns.



Corinne Hutt, a British psychologist, has an experiment in which four-year-olds are left alone in a laboratory with a strange-looking apparatus composed of levers, lights, and buttons. Most proceed, over a period of days, to act as if the apparatus were a part of some larger scheme in their heads. They treat it like the controls on a ship or the dashboard on a motor car. They make noises like vehicles to accompany their activity, and they talk to imaginary members of the crew. This activity—in which children transform the object into something that is part of their own imagination—is what we call play.

In Hutt's experiment a few of the children went even further and played hilarious games of treating the apparatus as if it were a horse—riding it and running around like horses themselves. We might say they were especially playful.

Some years ago I found that while children could adequately describe objects that they knew, they were much better at describing objects they had played with. Through play, it seems, they had built up varied associations to the play objects and were capable of giving many more creative responses for that object than were the children who had not played with it. After a child has played with a screwdriver, for example, he will use it not only as a tool for turning a screw but also as an object to balance on the end of his finger, as a pencil, or even as a knife.

This begins to tell us about the type of learning that occurs in play; it is the learning of variability. As the player builds up a rich pattern of associations with his materials (and his people), he enhances his ability to give birth to more novel suggestions when they are called for. In these rapidly changing times it might be that the greatest gift parents can give to their children is to insure that they are flexible and varied individuals.

BRIAN SUTTON-SMITH

Warm-up for Preschool

Most parents rely on friends and relatives for advice on where to send their children to preschool. But there really is only one way to pick a preschool for your child: go out and pick it—on your own. Your neighbors probably don't know any more than you do about schools; they certainly know less about your child and about you.

Although selecting a preschool is something you must do yourself, here are some hints that might make the search a bit easier.

First, telephone the school and make an appointment for a visit. Once you're there, start by asking the director about plans for the children during the first weeks of schools. Careful teachers have careful plans. They should have ways to make the separation of parent from child firm and gradual. Perhaps the schedule should be special the first week—only one hour of school instead of three. Certainly mothers should be allowed to stay. The materials and activities should be familiar and few in number, at least at first.

Then ask the director about how the school changes during the year. You need to know about the materials and games that are locked away at first but that will be opened as the children learn to plan what they want. Who will the children deal with after they have learned to trust their teachers—the janitor, a guitarist, a naturalist, a dancer? What is the first field trip (it should be short and close to home)? What is the last (it should be long and far away)? Like the grown-up who arms himself for a long trip with snapshots from home and a familiar robe and slippers, the three-year-old needs his links to home. He should go only limited distances at first so that he will dare to travel greater distances later on.

Think about how the school makes you feel. A school that makes you feel lousy and inferior just isn't any good. If you telephone to ask for an appointment and they act as if it's an imposition, try someplace else. If you visit the school and seem to be an intruder or an obstacle—or if you ask something and they reply with the what-a-dumb-question look—forget it. A

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EARLY CHILDHOOD

school that can't welcome parents can't work with them either.

Learn about the school's philosophy. Compare what the school does with what its director and teacher say it does. The brochure may say the school has a stimulating environment, but the walls may be bare. The teachers may talk about imagination and discovery, but you may hear a teacher say, "That's not how we make a boat," or, "Blocks are for building, not for weighing." The director may talk about the importance of role playing and then keep the dress-ups only for girls. Some schools say they foster independence, responsibility, self-control—and keep their materials locked in the teacher's closet. Many schools have such contradictions. Don't just listen to educational philosophy; see if it's happening on the spot.

Think about the school's creativity. To create something, children need to learn the nature of materials: clay is squishy, paint drips, paper is flat, wood is hard. Does the school have lots of stuff? Children need to learn the ways of tools. Toothpicks poke holes in paper; drills gouge holes in wood. Are there enough tools to go around? Are the children taught to use them? Children also have to learn the process of making things. First they have to saw a board into pieces, and then they can hammer it back together. They have to learn that one color of paint must dry before they can put another color on top. And see whether the teacher, in working with materials—as in all her dealings with children—has one right way of doing things or whether she lets the children develop their own ways and encourages them to learn things themselves.

No one teacher, of course, is ideal for everything. The teacher who can handle a live snake may not be a sympathetic eye drier. That doesn't make sympathy less important than snakes. A good preschool should have both. A good preschool needs the kind of teacher who can get down on the floor, play, and hold children on her lap, the kind of teacher who can read a story for a while, get a Band-Aid for a scraped knee, and express amazement over "so much pink" in a child's masterpiece. A good preschool also needs the kind of teacher who sets up a big table with paint, sponges, and a roll of shelf paper and can get children interested in making wallpaper. A good preschool needs the kind of teacher who has a friendly voice that booms over the room and seems to have eyes in the back of her head: if a child is finished painting, the teacher invites him to feed a rabbit.

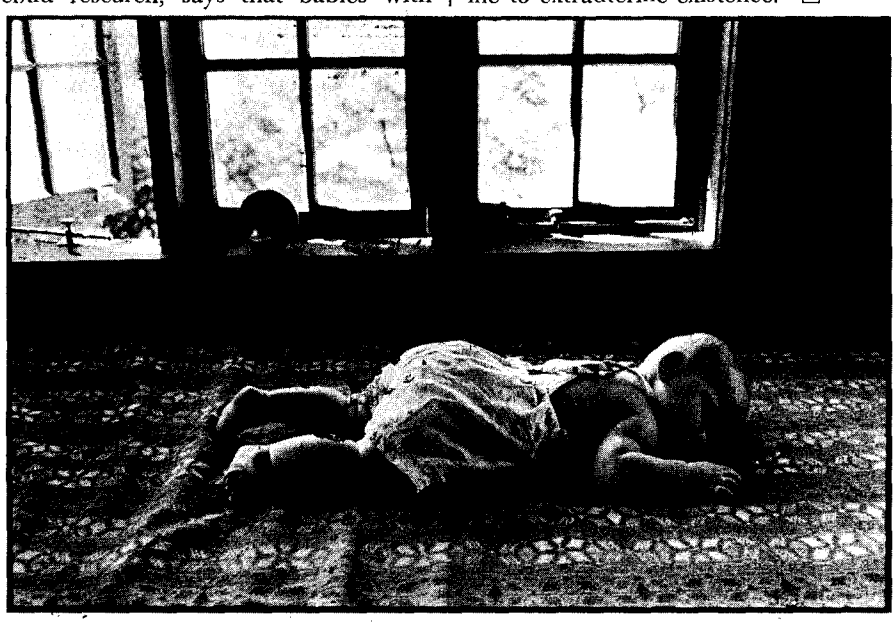
Finally, remember that while preschools are scary places for children at first, they are unsettling for parents, too. A mother may feel guilty about sending her child off to school—or afraid that he'll act up and the teacher will think he wasn't raised well at home. A mother may be afraid that her child will learn to love a teacher more than he loves her. Don't let these fears get in your way. There are better ways to pick a preschool.

SARA STEIN

Lazy Babies Make Lively Toddlers

Don't worry if your newborn baby just lies passively in his crib. A new study by the National Institute of Mental Health has found that babies who are passive during the first few days of life eventually develop into the brightest and most active children.

Richard Q. Bell, chief of NIMH's child research, says that babies with a slow rate of breathing, a relative insensitivity to touch, and a lethargic reaction when someone interrupts their sucking are likely to grow into assertive, active, and highly verbal toddlers. "It is possible," Bell says, "that a state of relative torpor could be a protective mechanism in the transition from uterine to extrauterine existence." □



Toy Lending Library

Child's play is serious business. That's the basic assumption of the Toy Lending Library, invented and field-tested by the Far West Laboratory for Educational Research and Development. The library's program, started in 1969, trains parents to use eight basic educational toys to help their preschool children learn fundamental concepts and problem-solving skills.

At the classes (generally one hour for each toy) parents learn to work with the toys and games and then borrow them to take home to use with their children. After completing the course, parents are free to borrow these toys just as they would borrow books from a library.

There are hundreds of Toy Lending Libraries across the country. A nun runs the library in St. Paul of the Apostle in New York City, a day-care worker runs one in Boston, a teacher's aide runs one in Chicago. There are libraries in twenty-six native villages in Alaska, in the Bank of America building in Berkeley, and all over Utah where the toys are put together by senior citizens. "The facility can be anywhere," says Fred Rosenau of the Far West Laboratory, "in a school, a community center, a health clinic—but the parents use the toys at home."

Each of the toys is designed to develop a particular skill. The Feely Bag, for example, helps a child recognize shapes by touch and by sight. There is a sound-identification game in which different materials, maybe cornflakes, maybe water or beads, are put inside two sets of cans—one for the parent and one for the child. The parent then shakes a can and asks the child to find a can that makes the same noise.

"Toys are only half the name of the game," says Rosenau. "It's the idea of getting the parent committed to working in a learning situation with his child. The toys are a good vehicle for doing just that." More information about the library can be obtained from its manufacturers, General Learning Corporation, 250 James Street, Morristown, New Jersey 07960. □

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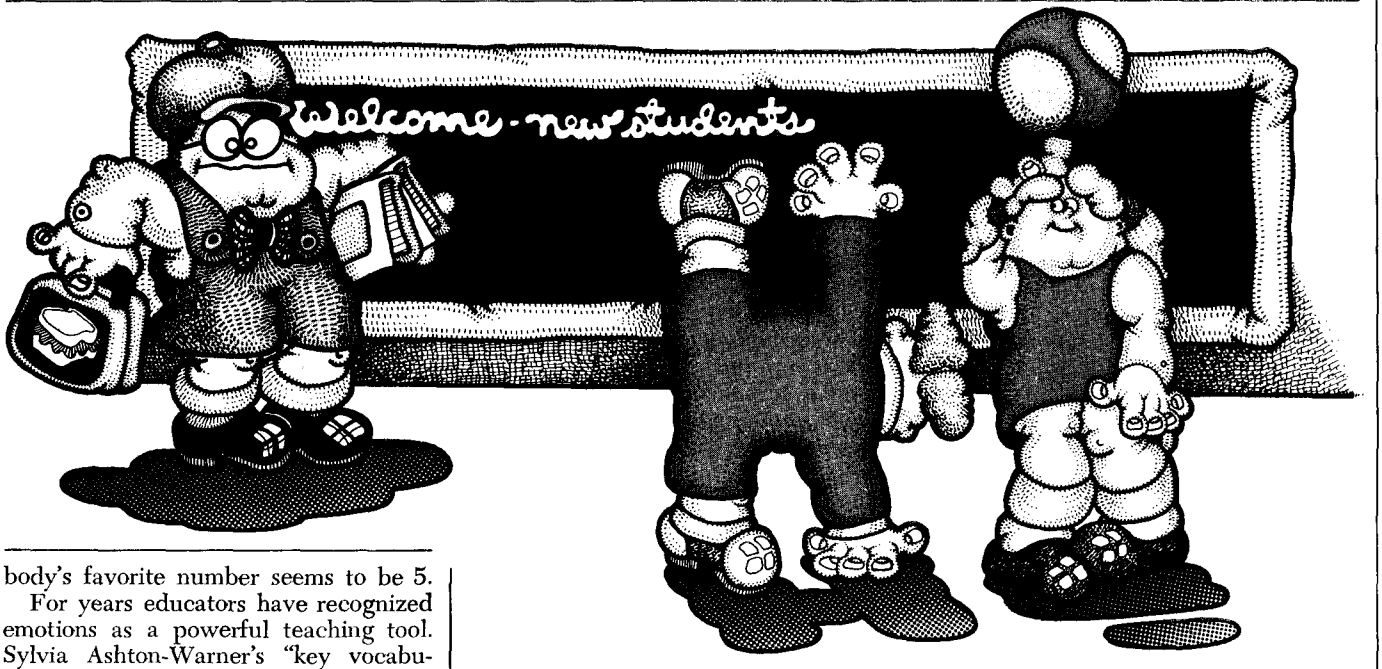
SCHOOLS

Inside Out!

Naomi Singer's kindergarten class in Mill Valley, California, is full of self-centered little kids. They form their "favorite" letters with their bodies or bake and eat them as cookies. (Denise's favorite letter is *D*. Alison's is *A*.) The first words they learn are the signs they wear around their necks telling how they feel: "Happy," "Sick," "Pooped." Arithmetic means learning their own telephone numbers and measuring how tall they are. A group of five-year-olds make sand-and-glue paintings out of their favorite number. Everybody's favorite number seems to be 5.



For years educators have recognized emotions as a powerful teaching tool. Sylvia Ashton-Warner's "key vocabulary," for example, evoked "feeling" words from the home *(mommy, baby, kitten)* to teach beginning reading. The term *confluent education* was first used by George I. Brown, professor of education at the University of California, Santa Barbara, to describe learning that involved the confluence, or flowing together, of thoughts and feelings. Now the Ford-Esalen Confluent Reading Project—a three-year study group sponsored by the Ford Foundation and the Esalen Institute—is developing a confluent reading curriculum for elementary school teachers.

Across the corridor from Naomi Singer's kindergarten at Marin Terrace School, Jayne May works with her first- and second-grade class. A red-haired girl wearing a "Happy" sign runs scowling to the teacher about a reading problem. Mrs. May makes her look into the mirror. "Your sign may read 'happy,'" she says, "but your face reads 'angry.'" The little girl peers at her angry image, giggles, and matches her face to her sign.

The children in the confluent classes learn that they can already "read" before they ever enter school. They read colors, sounds, weather, and feelings. They read their bodies—faces that show age, hands that are angry, happy, afraid; they read chewed nails, callouses, wrinkles. By forming their bodies into letters, the children reinforce the visual with the physical. They learn how it feels to be a misspelled word or the silent *e* at the end of a word. These physical-emotional counterparts to intellectual learning "detoxify" reading—make it less frightening, more personal, more fun.

But confluent education involves a lot more than using feelings to learn. It means learning *about* feelings—Jayne and Naomi are two of nine teachers in the final year of the Ford-Esalen project. Their first year was spent almost entirely learning about feelings. "When these teachers came to me," says Sara Miller, director of the Ford-Esalen project, "they blamed their problems on the principal or some other outside factor. By the end of the year they were taking responsibility for their own teaching. They began to sympathize with the principal. They became livelier, more sensitive people."

Developing "open" teachers for open classrooms is the whole point of the project. The "Year of Feelings" was followed by the "Year of the Body." Teachers worked with encounter, Gestalt, meditation, Psychosynthesis, Bioenergetics, Aikido, Hatha Yoga, and other techniques of the human potential movement. They discovered subpersonalities within themselves that helped or hindered them in their work. One teacher had "Voice of Gloom," another, "The Gifted Child," and a third, "Cutie Pie."

The purpose of this year is to translate the first two years' experience into a curriculum that can be used by teachers in all types of classroom settings. Already, Jayne's and Naomi's pupils understand that their teachers have "little people" living within them, which they read as happy-teacher, pooped-teacher. They discover that they, too, have many sides and can *choose* whether to be a good reader, a lazy reader, a bad child, an angry child—and that they have to take responsibility for the actions of the side they choose. □

Ford Looks Back

In the early 1960s, notes Edward J. Meade, Jr., of the Ford Foundation, "nearly everyone thought that with more money, more buildings and mor teachers, our nation's schools could in-

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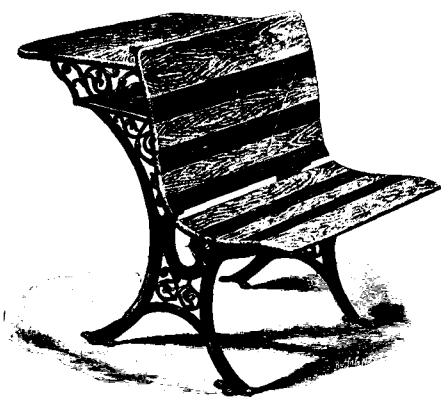
SCHOOLS

deed make a few adjustments and changes to produce a better society."

The Ford Foundation certainly thought so. During the Sixties it spent $30 million to reform the public schools in twenty-five communities through its Comprehensive School Improvement Program. Now it has issued a report, "A Foundation Goes to School," to measure the lasting impact of all that money. Its conclusion: the impact has not been great.

The Ford money, to be sure, did produce some reforms. The use of paraprofessionals, for example, has altered the structure of school staffing in cities across the country. Generally, however, the reforms faded with the end of each program. Even when money was spent on equipment, it frequently was not spent wisely. "In far too many instances equipment of all kinds is gathering dust," the report says. The machines were developed—and purchased—before there was anything to put them in.

The amount of money or the size of a program did not determine its success. One of the most important factors, the report concludes, was the person in charge of daily operations. □



Liberation Library

Faced with the problem of "sex-stereotyped textbooks," many elementary and secondary school teachers have developed their own nonsexist study materials. The Clearinghouse on Women's Studies is trying to collect these materials and make them available to other teachers. Pioneers in nonsexist education are invited to write the Clearinghouse (Box 334, Old Westbury, New York 11568) to exchange information, ideas, and experiences. Since finding feminist materials is the major problem for teachers, the Clearinghouse is especially interested in clear, practical accounts of what teachers have tried, what has worked, and where they found their resources. Two Fact Sheets on women's studies are available from the Clearinghouse free of charge, and the New Guide to Current Female Studies II can be ordered for $1. □

Vouchers on Trial in Alum Rock

In the first test of the controversial educational voucher system, the Office of Economic Opportunity is pouring $1.8 million into the Alum Rock Union School District in California.

Under the voucher system parents in six Alum Rock schools shop in a market place of educational styles for the curriculums that they feel best suit their children. The district (in a racially mixed section of suburban San Jose) issues parents a green card for each school-age child. The card, the actual voucher, is printed in English on one side and in Spanish on the other. It is worth $680 for elementary school children and $970 for seventh and eighth graders. This is the amount of money the district spends annually on each student; it comes from regular district funds. When the parents pick a program, they present the voucher to the program administrators to pay for their child's education.

The idea is that the teachers and administrators who devise the most interesting and effective curriculum should attract the most students and therefore the most money. Those programs that students dislike or that parents feel are not responsive are expected to lose students and money until, in theory, they either improve or go out of business. No teacher or administrator will lose his job in the Alum Rock experiment, however, if his program or minischool does not attract enough students to pay its way.

The OEO also is providing funds for compensatory vouchers for half of the 3,800 pupils involved whose family incomes qualify them for the federal school-lunch program. The compensatory vouchers are worth one-third more than the basic voucher.

"The idea behind the compensatory voucher," says Joel M. Levin, the project director, "is to change poor kids from being the least desirable to perhaps the most desirable students because they bring more money. This creates incentives for the educators to develop programs for poor kids."

Critics of voucher plans say they are a subterfuge to allow segregation of the schools. So far there has been no indication that this is happening at Alum Rock. The program is limited to the six public schools because a California law prohibits use of tax monies for private or parochial schools. Even within the six schools and their minischools, though, there has been no major shift from last year's racial composition. The district is roughly half Chicano, 40 per cent white, and 10 per cent black. At Alum Rock only 120 students have enrolled at schools other than the ones they would have attended without the voucher project. "Our parents have clearly opted to maintain their integrated neighborhood schools," Levin says.

The effect of vouchers on the curriculum so far is mixed. When the OEO approved the project last April, teachers had only a few weeks to develop the alternative programs they would offer. Many of the innovations this year at Pala Middle School, for example, probably would have been started even without vouchers. But Pala Principal Armen Hanzad says the federal funds have made it easier to start them and to purchase additional supplies.

At Pala there appears to be a form of tracking—by parental choice. Hanzad says the brightest students are in the math-science program; the almost-as-bright but less-motivated students tend to enroll in the fine-arts minischool, while the less-gifted pupils generally sign up for the Three R's Plus program and for creative arts (which stresses industrial arts).

One dramatically different curriculum is at School 2000 at Meyer Elementary. Teachers there, inspired by Alvin Toffler's book *Future Shock*, have created a future-oriented curriculum. Pupils "are taught to be aware of change and how to deal with it," says one teacher. Much time is spent fantasizing about the future. Students are often mixed by ages, with first and fifth graders working on the same lesson.

Levin said he expects a greater variety of minischool curriculums next year, when the district plans to expand the project to another half dozen of Alum Rock district's twenty-four campuses.

DAVID JOHNSTON

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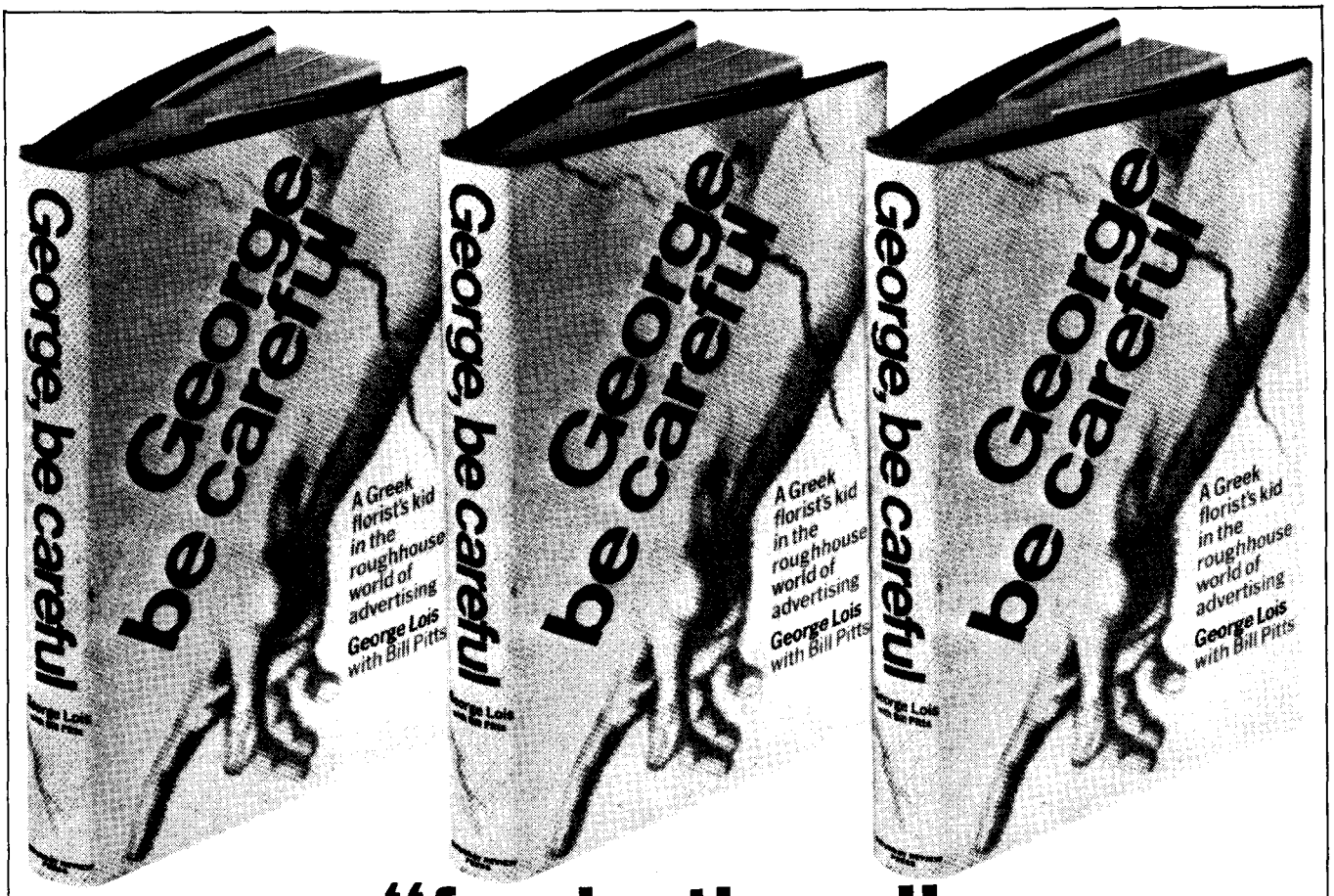
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COLLEGES & UNIVERSITIES

Ethnic Studies: Vanishing or Not?

"Man, if there's one thing you've gotta put in your article, it's that we are *not* a fad. Every time I go home, my old lady tells me that I ought to be studying political science or law or something 'useful.' I tell her I'm studying all that and a lot more. But I can't convince her. She thinks taking black studies is like taking pop culture—trivia or something."

The exasperated comment comes from a black student outside the ethnic studies office at San Francisco State University. Like the faculty members and administrators in his program, he is tired of hearing that his academic discipline is not to be taken seriously.

It has been four years since student demands for ethnic studies began turning into real courses, programs, and departments on campuses across the country. Now supporters of ethnic studies are facing challenges from the public, from some college administrators, and from state legislators who feel the study of minority groups is a passing fad.

In California the state Coordinating Council on Higher Education recently released a report urging decreased spending on ethnic studies, claiming that enrollments in these courses at state-aided colleges and universities have been "unusually small and are becoming smaller."

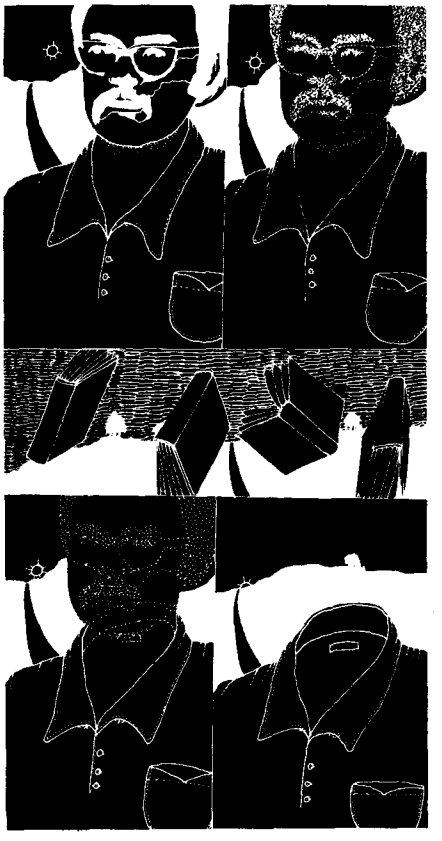
The council, which is under the administration of Gov. Ronald Reagan, went so far as to urge that most California campuses drop their degree programs in ethnic studies and incorporate the "contributions of the various ethnic minorities" into traditional courses in "art, music, drama, literature, psychology, anthropology, social sciences, history, and other academic areas."

The council's report has a lot of people involved in ethnic studies shouting mad. To begin with, they challenge the accusation that enrollment is dropping.

"Our enrollment is increasing, and that includes the number of majors we have," says Jesse McDade, director of black studies at the University of California, Riverside. "Enrollment would increase even more if we had the resources to offer more courses. But with the state putting out reports like this one, it makes it all the more difficult to get the resources we need."

Enrollments in ethnic studies are increasing at nearly all of California's public colleges. At Riverside the number of students majoring in ethnic studies has risen from twenty-nine a year ago to thirty-five this year. At the University of California, Irvine, where ethnic studies is under an umbrella program known as comparative cultures, the number of majors has jumped from a "handful" three years ago to more than 200 today.

And at San Francisco State University, where six to seven majors in black studies have graduated in each of the past three academic years, total enrollment in ethnic studies jumped this fall



to 2,266—an increase of 268 since last spring.

James Hirabayashi, dean of the School of Ethnic Studies at San Francisco State, is critical of the council's call to modify the content of traditional courses so that it includes the contribution of minorities. "The reason ethnic studies has to survive is that we must have the opportunity to look at the world in terms of our own biases, our own perceptual framework. It's a question of studying ethnicity from an inside-out view or an outside-in view. How can we begin to understand ourselves if we work from contents derived from other people's perceptions of us based on their biases?"

One of the few campuses in the state to report a noticeable drop in enrollment this year is the University of California, Berkeley, where many black students have boycotted black studies courses in a dispute with the administration about the hiring of a new black studies coordinator.

William Banks, the new coordinator of Afro-American Studies at Berkeley, agrees that his selection could have been handled better, but he wants to stick with the job and attempt to correct some practices he says have allowed ethnic studies to be perceived as a fad.

"I think a lot of mistakes were made in the inception of ethnic studies," he says. "Let's face it, our program was formed out of a political situation, and for a while not enough attention was being paid to the education—the curriculum—we were created to offer. Standards were thrown out the window in order to get the program started quickly, and those who spouted the most rhetoric were given positions. Quite frankly, we had a lot of opportunistic, political people in charge."

Banks believes the same situation holds for a lot of other ethnic studies programs. But things are changing now, he quickly adds. "I think we are to the point of recognizing the mistakes that have been made. Now the question is, Will the universities have the patience, forbearance, and imagination to really give ethnic studies a chance?"

WILLIAM A. SIEVERT

Out-of-Staters: The Tuition Issue

For years public colleges and universities have charged higher tuition to students residing outside their state boundaries than they have to state residents. Now, with rising costs—and ever-rising tuition—the difference can be great. For example, at the University of Maryland out-of-state tuition is $1,289 a year while state residents pay only $589; at the University of Illinois, $1,416 versus $558; at the University of California, $2,139 versus $639. The problem, of course, is defining who is a state resident and who is not—a problem that the U.S. Supreme Court may help solve.

There are two major challenges to

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the tuition system. The first is the Twenty-sixth Amendment to the Constitution, extending voting rights to eighteen-year-olds. The second is a federal court suit brought by a twenty-three-year-old drama major against the University of Connecticut. The Supreme Court has accepted that suit for review this term.

Doomsday stories have already been written that predict the court will ban the practice of public colleges charging 463,000 out-of-state students higher tuition than state residents. The upshot, so the stories go, would be a $250-to-$300-million annual income loss to the colleges and retaliatory action by many state legislatures excluding nonresident students from state institutions.

Despite the forbidding forecasts, the death of the out-of-state student tuition rate—and the financial fallout from it—seems to be highly exaggerated. A better diagnosis would be that out-of-state tuition is in critical condition but likely to stay with us for a time.

Most of the public attention to the issue can be attributed to a survey issued last fall by the two major public college associations—the National Association of State Universities and Land-Grant Colleges and the American Association of State Colleges and Universities—and to the federal court suit in Connecticut brought by Margaret Marsh Kline when she was an undergraduate.

The survey, written by Robert F. Carbone, dean of the School of Education at the University of Maryland, first estimated that public institutions would lose up to $300 million if they lost the extra income from out-of-state tuition. But Carbone made his prediction contingent on a big "if." The loss could occur, he wrote, if the voting-rights amendment, combined with court cases virtually eliminating residency requirements for voting, led the out-of-state students to claim that they were in fact bona fide residents.

Early reports of the Carbone survey ignored that qualifying "if." They also failed to point out that the author had noted that most institutions were rejecting voting status as the qualifying condition for declaring a student to be a state resident.

Mrs. Kline, a Californian who had married a lifelong Connecticut resident, brought her suit against the University of Connecticut because, she said, "We couldn't afford the higher tuition, and it just seemed to me to be an obvious injustice."

At the University of Connecticut (where Mrs. Kline is now considered a resident of the state but is also still waiting for reimbursement of her undergraduate tuition), some 200 students have been reclassified as legal state residents this year. The state where a student votes is only one of the criteria now used to determine residency. Others include the state where a student files tax returns, holds property, obtains a driver's license, registers a car, and maintains a year-round residency. As a state legal officer has phrased it, "We put to them the old grammar-school-composition question—Where did you spend your summer vacation?"

Dean Carbone and lawyers on both sides of the Kline case think that state colleges and universities might find it difficult to charge an out-of-state student higher tuition in the future, at least after the student's first year at the institution. They point out that the Supreme Court previously affirmed a Minnesota federal-court ruling that approved a one-year residency requirement to qualify as a bona fide state resident entitled to lower tuition. Students, of course, will have to make a special effort to demonstrate their intent to live in the state, with proof including year-round residence, driver's license, car registration, local voting.

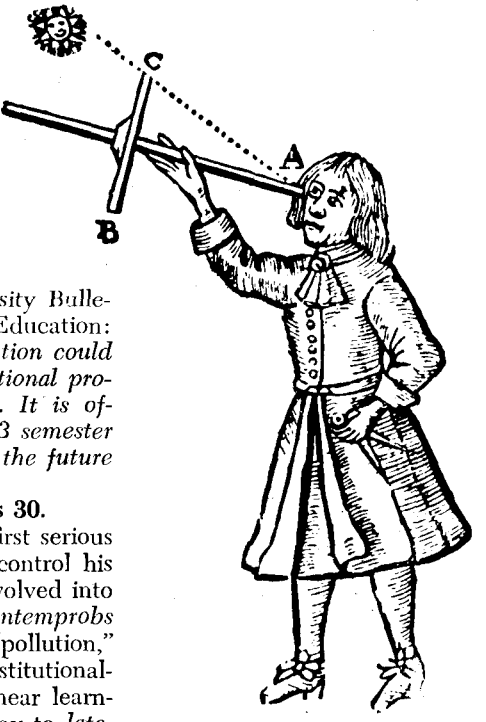
State institutions have several alternatives. They could consider prohibiting all out-of-state applicants. But, as Allan Ostar, executive director of the American Association of State Colleges and Universities, says, "that could land them back in the courts," because court rulings are increasingly placing on the institutions the bulk of the burden of proving who is a resident and who is not. Ostar also points out that many institutions not only depend on the higher tuition premiums charged out-of-state students but also need the income the noncommuting students provide by living in dormitories and by eating university food.

Public institutions also could charge all students the same tuition but provide "scholarships" to graduates of high schools within the state that would lower their tuition rates, or state tax remissions to parents of students who file their tax returns in the state.

Carbone and Ostar both fear that public institutions might simply react by raising tuitions for all students. "Clearly, this expediency would strike a telling blow to the low-tuition principle upon which public higher education in America has been built," Carbone says. "The cost to society would be far more than the additional dollars that students and their parents would be forced to pay."

JOHN MATHEWS

A Backward Glance at the Future



From the New York University Bulletin, School of Continuing Education: The following course description could possibly appear in an educational program in the year 2003 A.D. It is offered during the spring 1973 semester for those who wish to study the future in terms of the past.

Timespan: 2003 A.D. Minus 30.

Beginning with *manspecies* first serious steps in the early 1970s to control his *life-environ*, the world has evolved into today's *Quasi-Utopia*. The *contemprobs* of what were then called "pollution," "population explosion," "institutionalized religion," "families," "linear learning," and "warfare," gave way to *latestops* and transformed "people" headed toward extinction into *provita* on the threshold of *ultimastate*.

This *communiseries* traces the development of the past 30 years to show how *manspecies recog-dealt* with early *contemprobs* and achieved his *present-time*. Besides *converspeak* and *electronications*, *scholartists* should be prepared to use such terms as cyborg, synergy, cloning, dystropia, cybernetics, communiversity, dymaxion. This *communiseries* will not be on *satelliteach* or *brainset*. □

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LIFE & LEARNING

Grade "A" Chefs' College

For centuries the great kitchens and cooking schools of Europe have dominated the world of gastronomic instruction. Now all that is changing. American chefs are being hired for top cooking and supervisory jobs in this country and abroad. And a team of American chefs recently turned the culinary world on its ear by winning nineteen of forty gold medals awarded for cooking skills during the International Culinary Olympics in Frankfurt, Germany—the highest total of any nation, including France.

Much of the credit for this flowering of U.S. commercial kitchens must go to the Culinary Institute of America, the nation's largest private, nonprofit, degree-granting institution for the training of master chefs. The institute was started in 1946, when the New Haven, Connecticut, Restaurant Association opened a teaching kitchen on the Yale campus to train sixteen returning veterans as culinary workers.

Last September the institute moved into a former Jesuit seminary in St. Andrews-on-the-Hudson in Hyde Park, New York. With the help of grants from major U.S. hotel and restaurant corporations, the institute has converted St. Andrews into a modern, residential college of higher eating with 1,200 full-time students, including 100 women.

This year's freshman class of 600 is composed largely of nineteen-year-old white males, many of whom are veterans. The institute's two-year course costs $2,300 a year; this covers room, board (the students eat their lessons), and the uniforms they wear to class each day—a starched, white tunic and trousers, capped with a tall chef's hat.

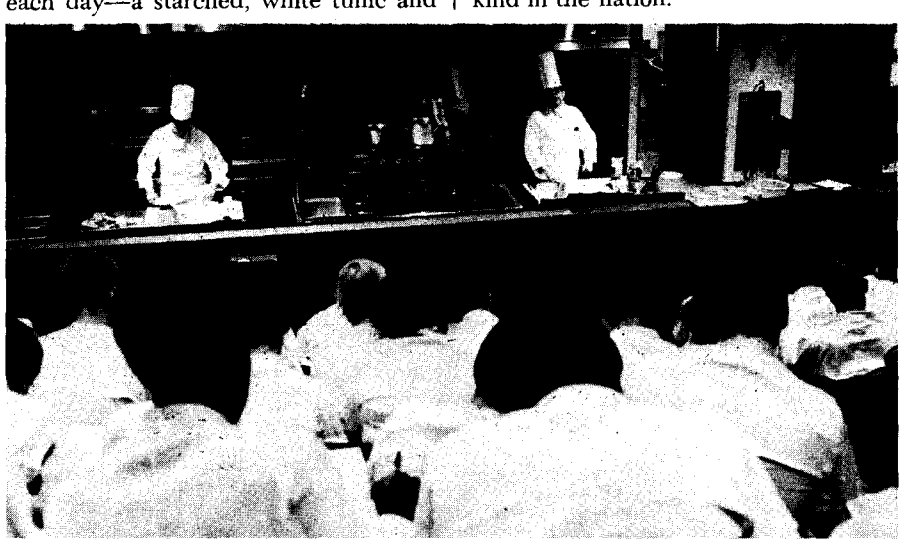
The students spend 70 per cent of their class day in gleaming instructional kitchens and the rest of the time in lecture halls. They take such courses as advanced table service, nutrition, business law, Chinese cooking, coffee, first aid, classic cuisine, and menu French, Italian, and Spanish.

A typical evening meal served in one of the institute's four dining rooms —none are open to the public—might include *consommé de volaille, poisson tour d'argent, filet de boeuf extravagance,* assorted French cheeses, *crêpes frangipane c'est magnifique,* and *café au lait.* It's one institution where no one complains about the food.

The institute has never had to advertise for students. Anyone between seventeen and thirty-five with a high school diploma is eligible for admission. However, this year 600 applicants had to be turned away, and the school is working on selective admission standards for the first time.

According to the U. S. Department of Labor, about 50,000 skilled culinary workers will be needed in American commercial kitchens within the next decade. "There is a crying need for our kind of graduates, but we can't turn out enough chefs to meet the need," says William Primavera, the institute's director of development. "Each of our seniors gets at least five job offers."

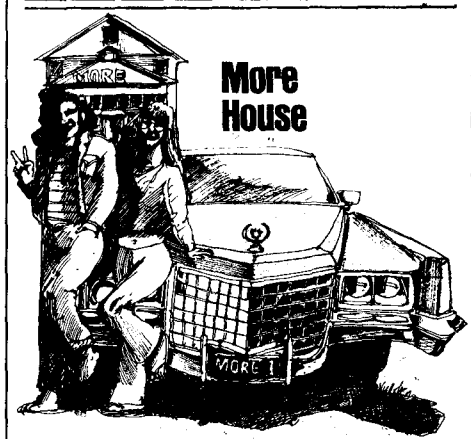
"The really great thing about this place is that the students learn by doing," says a recent graduate who stayed on to teach Chinese cooking. Edward Carr, director of New York State's Division of Higher Education, pronounced the institute "first rate, the best of its kind in the nation."



One institute innovation is its course in "fast food service," the fine art of serving up hamburgers, French fries, and other "serving-a-second" fare. The classroom is a classic roadside diner, trucked up to Hyde Park from New Jersey, where it had served hungry travelers for many a year. Open to the public from 7 a.m. to midnight, seven days a week, The Diner is perhaps the only lunch counter in the country where you can get a glass of Château Lafitte Rothschild with your grilled cheese sandwich.

WILLIAM S. WELT

More House



Victor Baranco wants More. More for you, more for me, and more for everyone.

His is a simple philosophy, learned many years ago on the burning asphalt of California's used-car lots. Just as he sold the shiny old Chevies and T-Birds to grandmas and grandsons in white tenny-pumps, Baranco has set about selling his More Philosophy with such concentrated fervor that in his Oakland, California, headquarters he's come to be known as the Colonel Sanders of the free-university movement.

Four years ago Baranco founded the Institute of Human Abilities, Inc. Today it is the pedagogical locus for more than forty programs scattered from coast to coast (plus Hawaii) in which, for $45 per weekend, students may gorge themselves on "the great banquet table of life."

The More Philosophy relies heavily on mythology, particularly the Myth of Victor. Each quarter the institute journal, *Aquarius,* articulates the following myth. At thirty-four Vic had been a success at everything: a loving wife, two perfect children, all the material accouterments the society had to offer. "And yet, he found himself lacking. All

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LIFE & LEARNING

his life he had had a passion for logic problems: puzzles, mazes, and brain twisters. He decided to solve the biggest logic problem of all: WHO AM I? HOW DID I GET HERE? He found the answer. We call it the More Philosophy."

The challenge running through all the More House courses is based on one simple truth, that in this country "90 per cent [of the population] is hung up, bound in value judgments, bored, hating, fearing, grieving. They are the living dead. Call these the less people. Grieve for them. They have resisted life. But there is hope for them. There is a complete Human Being under each one of these piles of garbage."

In the courses each person must learn that he is perfect to start with, an understanding from which everything else follows. At the primer level the course deals with basic sensuality.

Later courses include Jealousy, Money and Possession ("how to have more and enjoy more of what is already yours"), Man and Women ("how to interpret Manese and Womanese, and how to understand the math of one and two"), A Weekend with Vic Baranco (an unstructured weekend in which the instructor will answer any and all questions asked), and Shazam ("the granddaddy of all courses, seven hours with Victor Baranco. . . . There is no limit to how high this course will go"). And many, many more—including basic and advanced hexing.

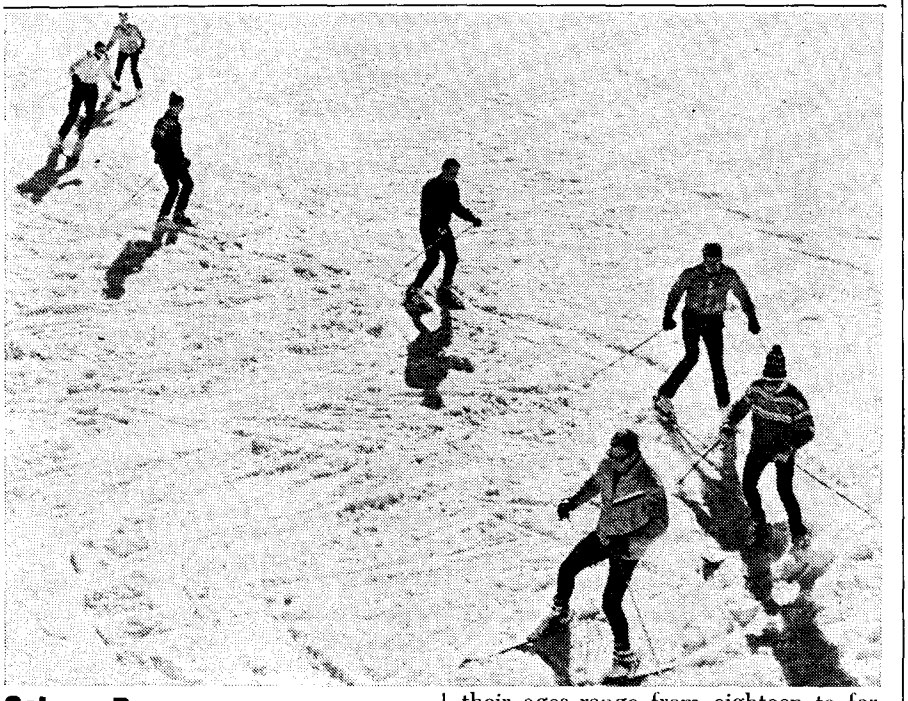
A student pays about $200 a month in order to live in a More House. Each house has a man/woman housekeeping unit that is responsible for the house; for that responsibility each housekeeper also pays a fee of $2,000 and is permitted to teach courses. More Houses now exist in Boston, New York, Baton Rouge, Hawaii, Los Angeles, San Francisco, San Jose, Berkeley, and Oakland, where the organization owns almost an entire block. Rental fees alone come to nearly half a million dollars annually, and because teachers pay for the right to teach, they cause little expense.

Baranco's principal lieutenants, the three deans as it were, are a pentecostal preacher, a Haight-Ashbury blowout, and a former school teacher from Daly City. When a reporter once asked one of them about his academic qualifications, he replied painfully, "Hey, baby. We sell truth and love. There are no qualifications needed to speak the truth."

Baranco concedes that he has a "winning" business underway in his conglomerate hippie communes, which seem to appeal to everyone from impoverished freaks to affluent suburbanites. The means are very simple: each of the houses he buys is condemned or about to be so. Rigid rules require clean living and no rowdiness, and within a matter of months the houses are completely refurbished, their valuations continually appreciating. (Not all succeed, however. A More House in San Francisco was recently closed by city authorities on charges of sanitary-code violations.) Already his enterprise has been successful enough to provide him with what he claims is the largest fleet of Cadillac limousines in California.

Baranco, however, is a democratic teacher. And except for his one personal, shiny, purple carriage, he shares the fleet with the students on social occasions. Says Carl, a tall, pallid former hippie from San Diego, "Man, you know, just a year ago, when I was a hippie, I woulda vomited all over at the idea of truckin' around in a Cadillac. Butchaknow, now it's, it's really just a lotta fun." "Yeah," adds Janis, his woman, "it's, it's another life experience."

FRANK BROWNING



Schuss Boom

This winter about 1.5 million Americans will enroll in ski school classes from Sugar Bowl, California, to Sugarbush, Vermont. "First," says Don Kast, director of the ski school at Mt. Rose (elevation 9,700 ft.), Nevada, "we teach them how to get down the hill safely and have fun. But we really teach them just enough so they'll come back again for another lesson."

With a staff of twenty-eight instructors Mt. Rose is a typical medium-to-big ski school—which Kast runs like a regular school. A two-hour group lesson costs $4; a one-hour private lesson, $11—plus $8 for a day's lift ticket.

Kast meets with his instructors each morning to give out class assignments. "That's always a problem," he says, "dealing with the ego of the individual instructors, trying to make sure that the same people don't get the beginners each time—and making sure at the same time that the experts are getting their money's worth."

Most of the instructors at Mt. Rose are in their early twenties, although their ages range from eighteen to forty-five. Their ranks include a registered nurse, a Ph.D. geologist, a Porsche mechanic, and several dropout graduate students.

Kast, a friendly, compact former art student who didn't learn to ski until he was twenty-three years old, has been teaching skiing for the last sixteen years. "The most important thing," he says, "is the instructor's voice level. You know the kind of teacher who stands up there and shouts all the time. That turns everybody off. I tell our instructors to keep in eye contact with the students and to raise and lower their voices so people pay attention.

"Another thing, peculiar to our kind of teaching, is that the instructor can't stand with his back to the sun. If he does, the class can't see him. And, finally, we tell the instructors not to show off. During the class they aren't supposed to do anything the class can't do. At the end of the class, however, they should demonstrate something that the students can't do yet. That gives the students something to work for; that way they'll come back." □

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MEDIA/MATERIALS

And Now the New IQ

No one has yet found a satisfactory alternative to the much-maligned standardized IQ tests that have been used for more than half a century—but John Ertl is trying. Ertl is a thirty-nine-year-old, Hungarian-born psychologist who became so obsessed with testing after scoring 77 on a written IQ test himself that he decided to invent a completely new testing instrument.

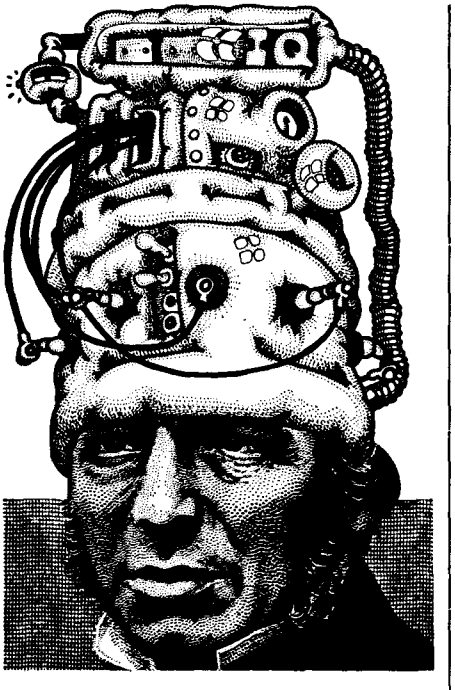
The test that Ertl has invented is free of words and symbols (and thus, in theory, without cultural bias), for it is administered entirely without reading or writing. Ertl's test relies on a suitcase-sized, forty-pound computer that he calls a "neural efficiency analyzer." The machine's basic function is to listen in on brain waves and analyze the speed with which the neurological connections of the brain do their work. This is at least as accurate an indication of intelligence, Ertl believes, as what the written tests measure.

Moreover, Ertl has discovered what promises to be an even more important use for the neural efficiency analyzer than measuring an equivalent of IQ: it gives a reading on the synchronization of the two halves of the brain, a crucial factor in severe learning disabilities like dyslexia.

Ertl has been developing the neural efficiency analyzer for more than a decade, and it is just beginning to be available on the commercial market through Neurotronics, Inc., a firm based in Houston, Texas. There are only ten prototypes in the country, but the potential market is vast.

The operation of the neural efficiency analyzer is so simple that almost anyone could learn to administer the test in a half hour. First, saline solution (for conducting the brain's electrical impulses) is applied at five points on the subject's scalp; then five electrodes attached to a tiaralike conductor are applied to the saline solution. At this point an oscilloscope on the computer indicates whether the machine is getting an accurate brain-wave pattern. The final step is the actual test, in which the subject focuses his attention on a "photic stimulation unit"—a flashing light linked in a random feedback process to both the subject's brain and the computer. Two separate dials on the machine then immediately give readings for the IQ equivalent and the brain's synchronization.

School people and other users of IQ



tests are not exactly rushing to place their orders, however. Many educators and psychologists contend that Ertl has not been able to prove that his machine tests intelligence.

Ertl is against mass IQ testing. Usually IQ tests are given in order to simplify the needs of those who administer them. Ertl prefers to think of his test as analogous to an electrocardiogram or similar medical test—a service to be consulted, rather than a master to be obeyed. □

Teacher Works in a Box

Teacher Works In A Box doesn't really come in a box—it's mailed in a cardboard tube. And it's filled with what its letterhead unblushingly refers to as "goodies by teachers for teachers."

Some of the goodies ought to be better. TWB contains a score of mimeographed lesson plans (geared to all grade levels), but any teacher who hasn't discovered the usefulness and fun of limericks as a language-arts device is way behind the game.

TWB is, in fact, very much a mixed box. It contains lesson plans on sex stereotyping and a good series of plans with exercises for a discussion of values. One lesson plan is a complicated word game that TWB attributes to an inmate in an Illinois prison.

Other goodies: the latest issue of *The Teacher Paper* (TWB's founders were also among the originators of this journal for activist teachers) and the Zephyrus collective's *Deschool Primer*; a poster-sized "survival kit" for the underground teacher; a pink balloon bearing the motto "Teacher Works—is helping teachers help themselves."

A subscription to TWB is $10 per year, and the next box/tube is scheduled for spring.

Write to: Teacher Works In A Box, 2136 N.E. 20th Avenue, Portland, Oregon 97212. □

Innovation for Free!

In these years of shriveling education budgets and just-making-do-with-what-we've-got, *Kaleidoscope*, a hefty periodical put out by the Massachusetts State Department of Education, comes as something of a surprise. It's a comprehensive guide to new ideas for changing schools, and, backed by federal funding (ESEA Title III), it's available free to anyone who writes for it.

Usually published twice a year, *Kaleidoscope* describes innovative programs throughout the state. *Kaleidoscope 6*, published last October, lists 111 programs in such categories as Change in the School Environment, Guidance and Special Needs, and Higher Education (Teacher Training). Also included in each listing are the name and address of the program coordinator and the yearly extra cost of the program, if any.

For a copy write to: Editors, *Kaleidoscope*, Massachusetts Department of Education, Bureau of Curriculum Services, 182 Tremont Street, Boston, Massachusetts 02111. □

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BOOKS

Down Home

HARRY S. TRUMAN. By Margaret Truman. Illustrated. 602 pages. William Morrow. $10.95.

BY JOSEPH KANON

Joseph Kanon is senior book review editor of SR.

Nostalgia has been profitable to a good many public figures, but for Harry S. Truman it was a bonanza. In part, of course, it's the traditional fate of past Presidents: we tend to blame them for everything when they're in and forgive them everything once they're out. But even so, the nostalgia Harry Truman aroused seems a special case, a longing more for personality than for a time past. Even the generation that has grown up since his administration—a generation schooled in a Cold War he helped forge, filled with loathing for the CIA he founded, and astonished in their new maturity at the McCarthy hysteria that he disdained but did too little to stop—found him a "character," the only public figure in memory willing to tell somebody to go to hell. The appeal is not merely the familiar charm of a curmudgeon but of a whole chunk of down-home Americana going or gone. In an important and very American way, Truman was the last President with whom ordinary people could identify, the kind who made people believe, as they were taught in school, that, literally, anyone could become President. It was the implicit message of his presidency, and if he liked the image and fostered it ("I'm just a country jake who works at his job"), nobody was about to blame an old pol from Independence, Missouri, for making a little political hay where he could.

Historically, of course, this approach to Harry Truman is hardly the most charitable one—it suggests he made do rather than led—and his daughter, Margaret, in this exceptionally warm, remarkable biography, goes about setting things straight: this is a view of Truman as a great man and a great leader. Yet what stands out in reading it is how grounded in solid fact (family letters, desk calendar-diaries, personal memos, and other similar material, much of it never published before) the down-home image really was. Moreover, it is what gives this book its peculiar charm, its flavor of one of those old family reunions where everybody ignores the mosquitoes on the potato salad, and Aunt Matty *would* have to go and bring those pickled beets the children won't even touch. Here is Senator Truman writing home to "Margie" just two months before his nomination for the vice-presidency:

"Sometimes your dad wishes he'd gone on and been a music hall pianist or a bank vice president. You see Arthur Eisenhower started in the National Bank of Commerce after your pa did and is now its executive vice president—and he didn't know how to turn on a gas jet when he came to Kansas City—asked old Mrs. Trow our boarding housekeeper, for a coal oil lamp. But that's not to his discredit. It just shows how great is opportunity in the good ole USA."

Or this memo, written to himself during his first summer in the White House: "Bess & Margaret went to Mo. at 7:30 EDT, 6:30 God's time. I sure hated to see them go. Came back to the great white jail and read the papers, some history, and then wrote this. It is hot and humid and lonely. Why in hell does anybody want to be a head of state? Damned if I know."

Family portrait, from Harry S. Truman.

The book is filled with passages like these, and they seem, now, to come from another world, with its air of decent men making good, of wide porches, of eternally green lawns. It's pointless to quibble over whether it was ever so—if it is fantasy, it is fantasy so strongly believed in that it becomes a part of our world view, as hokey and meaningful as the flag on the village green. And Harry Truman lived in a time, perhaps, when the believing was easier. This was a man, after all, who reportedly fell in love with Bess Wallace in the fifth grade (though Cousin Ethel claims it dates from the first time he laid eyes on her in the Presbyterian kindergarten), considered Greenwich Village "immoral," believed "a man not honorable in his marital relations is usually not honorable in any other," and introduced Bess during that legendary 1948 whistle-stop campaign as "the boss" (Margaret was "the one who bosses the boss"). When he ran for senatorial reelection in 1940, things were so bad he had to borrow $3,000 on his life insurance to meet the office payroll; when the Germans surrendered, he took time to write a letter about it to his mother; when Stalin proved uncooperative at Potsdam, Truman told the American delegation, "I cannot understand that man! . . . Do you realize that we have been here seventeen whole days? Why, in seventeen days you can decide anything!"

These are the kinds of details that make a "personality" biography, and Margaret Truman is in such a unique position to provide them that one almost wishes she hadn't bothered to deal with the straight history of the presidential years (which take up the greater part of the book). There are the inevitable trivia of White House living—"hotel kitchen food, adequate but uninspired," rats, possibly ghosts, and a structure so weak that the leg of Margaret's piano went right through the floor, causing the Trumans to call in an architect and then move in haste to Blair House.

Yet to her great credit, Margaret Truman has not written a book in the I-cut-Hoover's-toenails school of Washington memoirs. Her book is meant to be proper history, as well as a loving tribute. But she seems to have inherited loyalty along with the Truman common sense, and she is (inevitably) so fiercely partisan that reading her political accounts, crisis by crisis, becomes a kind of between-the-lines truth game. When Truman's early friend, Kansas City "Boss" Tom Pendergast, was convicted in 1939 for evading more than $1 million in income taxes, the city manager was found juggling the books, and other county officials were thrown into jail, Margaret says, "I find it hard to describe how totally stunned my father was by these developments." Well, maybe so. But when she writes that

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BOOKS

"Harry Truman never surrendered a principle to gain a political advantage," it seems almost too much of a good thing. She is more revealing about his Cold Warrior attitudes: "He realized that we could not expect to get 100 percent of what we wanted in dealing with the Russians, but on important matters he felt we should be able to get 85 percent." We are told that experience taught him that force "was the only thing that Russians understood" (fifteen percenters being what they are), and after all these years she still can't forgive the 1948 betrayal of the Democrats and their hard-pressed candidate by Henry Wallace, who "was leading the Progressive party on a platform that would hand much of the world over to Joseph Stalin & Company."

Still, how could it be otherwise? No one could seriously expect to read this kind of book as an "objective" document; indeed, its very partisanship is what makes it so readable and interesting. And its real value lies elsewhere in any case: in its vivid personal details of famous figures, in its sense of being there at the event, in the picture it presents of a President at work. It may or may not be important, but it is certainly interesting to know, for instance, about Truman's last lunch with F.D.R. (one of only two times he saw him as vice-president), when the ailing President's hand shook so badly that he spilled the cream. It is interesting to know that on the way to Roosevelt's funeral Henry Wallace and Jimmy Byrnes chatted about F.D.R.'s mistakes. It is interesting to know that General MacArthur ("Mr. Prima Donna") was a thorn in the side as early as 1945: "He's worse than the Cabots and the Lodges—they at least talked with one another before they told God what to do. Mac tells God right off." It is interesting to know how petty and childish Eisenhower was during the changeover of administrations. It is even interesting to know that Bess Truman whiled away the hours on the 1948 campaign train by reading murder mysteries.

In fact, given the glamour of the presidency and Margaret Truman's access to it, it is difficult to see how this book could *not* have been interesting. What makes it special, however, is the verve and irresistible affection with which it's written, its sense of family, and the still intriguing nature of its enigmatic subject. For when all is said and done, we still want to know more about Harry Truman, and the questions this material raises we perhaps cannot expect Margaret Truman to answer. What does it mean to be down home in an imperial office, to triumph common sense over subtlety? In this kind of rating game (as pointless, probably, as it is endless), we are forced to ponder the kind of footnotes to history this book provides, some of them rich—and sad—with irony. We are told, for instance, that on October 17 and October 20, 1945, Ho Chi Minh sent Truman telegrams asking to participate in the British-American-Russian-Chinese Advisory Commission for the Far East. "Ho Chi Minh was a known Communist, and the cold war was already getting colder. Dad was certainly not inclined to deal with him, if he could find a non-Communist alternative. He did not reply to this or subsequent telegrams from Ho Chi Minh. From the rigid, authoritarian Communist regime which Ho eventually imposed on North Vietnam, it is evident that there would have been little point in Dad's doing so." □

BOOKS FOR CHILDREN

BY KARLA KUSKIN

We have a lot of picture books at our house. A child I know raced through a new one recently. "How long did it take to write that?" he inquired snappishly. Clearly, that is not a question you would ask about *Madame Bovary*, but it was justified by the book in hand. In this case speed was being used as a synonym for superficiality. The book was another of those thin, bright volumes that seem to have been cranked out rather than created. Being born of noninterest, it bred the same. Conversely, a work done with art and great thought demands and often rewards our attention. All this is said with a particular book in mind. It is *Snow-White and the Seven Dwarfs: A Tale From the Brothers Grimm*, translated from the German by the late Randall Jarrell and illustrated by Nancy Ekholm Burkert (Farrar, Straus & Giroux, $5.95).

When Jacob and Wilhelm Grimm undertook the enormous job of collecting German folk and fairy tales in the early nineteenth century, they did not mean their work to be thought of as children's fare. It was, instead, their "firm intention that the book be regarded as an educational book" to be read by parents to their children so as to give the children "little by little another morsel of this sweet food." And, writing in *The New Yorker* some years ago, W. H. Auden said of folk tales: "Children enjoy them, it is true, but that is no reason that grown-ups, for whom they were primarily intended, should assume they are childish."

Snow-White and the Seven Dwarfs is most certainly intended for children,

SR. RECOMMENDS

A rotating selection by the book review editors of ten particularly notable new and current books of general interest, arranged alphabetically by title.

THE BEST AND THE BRIGHTEST. By David Halberstam (Random House, $10)—A thoroughgoing and provocative analysis of the uses and abuses of power by the extraordinarily able policy makers of the Kennedy and Johnson administrations, who came to Washington to build a Camelot and left behind a country trapped in unwanted war and divided against itself.

THE FRED ASTAIRE & GINGER ROGERS BOOK. By Arlene Croce (Outerbridge & Lazard, $9.95)—An intelligent text and nostalgic photographs combine in an act of homage to the team whose grace and style have become film landmarks.

FIRE IN THE LAKE: The Vietnamese and the Americans in Vietnam. By Frances Fitzgerald (Atlantic-Little, Brown, $12.50)—With its intelligence, ability, and fine sense of Vietnamese culture and history, Miss FitzGerald's book is one of the best yet written about our long and continuing involvement in Vietnam.

HARRY S. TRUMAN. By Margaret Truman (Morrow, $10.95)—A frank, openly affectionate, and altogether fascinating biography of the late former President by his daughter.

THE MAKING OF A PSYCHIATRIST. By David S. Viscott (Arbor House, $8.95)—An exceptionally candid, warm, and compellingly readable account of a young doctor's training and early practice in psychiatry.

THE NEW OXFORD BOOK OF ENGLISH VERSE, 1250–1950. Edited by Helen Gardner (Oxford, $10)—A totally new anthology (not an up-dated revision) presenting a more varied and comprehensive selection from the English poetic tradition than does its illustrious predecessor.

THE SUNLIGHT DIALOGUES. By John Gardner (Knopf, $8.95)—The author of *Grendel* takes on the complex texture of an American small town, the motif of medieval romance, and the weighty themes of freedom and entropy in his most important novel to date.

TRANSPARENT THINGS. By Vladimir Nabokov (McGraw-Hill, $5.95)—A new, brief novel, whose underlying theme is the juxtaposition of art and death, by the master of literary mirrors.

VIRGINIA WOOLF. By Quentin Bell (Harcourt Brace Jovanovich, $12.50)—A revealing biography of Virginia Woolf by her nephew, offering the fullest account yet of the Bloomsbury novelist, her circle, and her troubled life.

WOMEN AND MADNESS. By Phyllis Chesler (Doubleday, $8.95)—A feminist psychologist explores, in a book with wide social implications, the double standard that exists in diagnosing mental illness.

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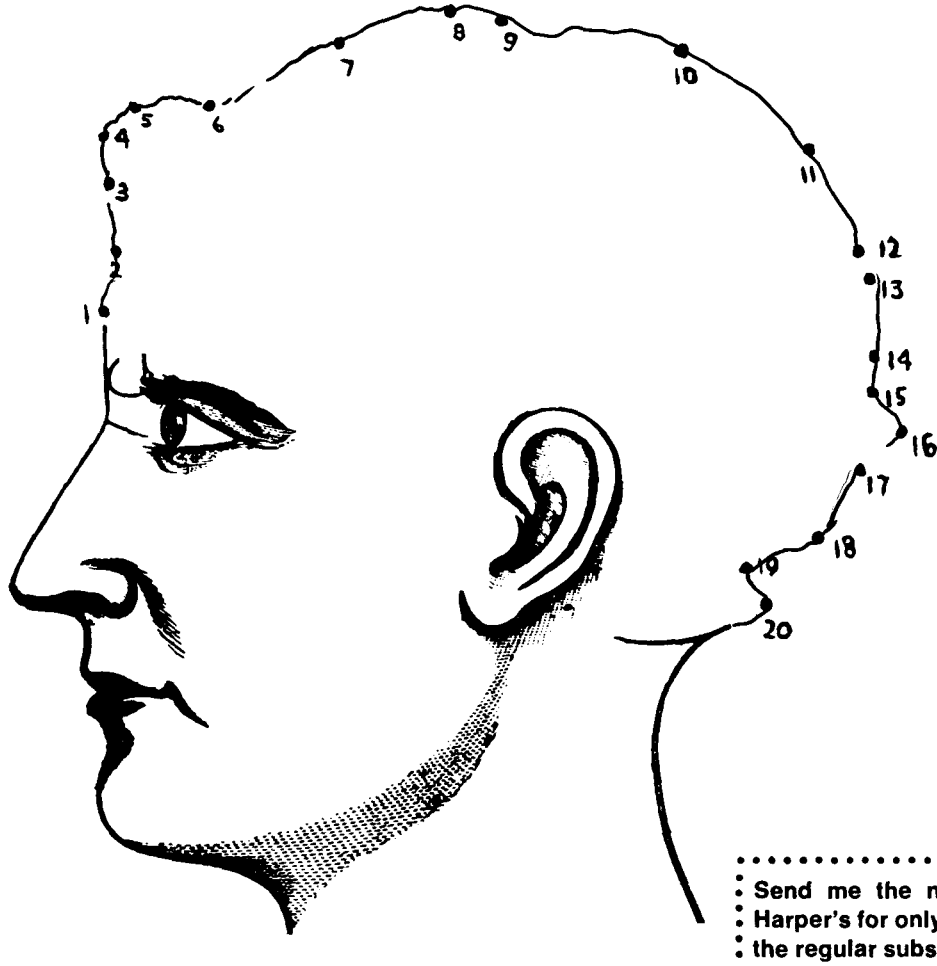
Your open mind is not a mindless mind.



Nor is it opinionless, easily swayed by intellectual fads of the moment. It doesn't boil at a low literary temperature (*Love Story*, for example). It awaits the new, the incisive, the penetrating thought—the thought that says YES.

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—Carl R. Rogers, author of *On Becoming a Person* and *Becoming Partners*

The School We Have

Shepard Ginandes, M.D.

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DELL PUBLISHING CO., INC. $7.95

BOOKS

but it is not childish. It can be enjoyed as an intriguing story by the young and additionally for its deeper symbolism and poetry by those who are older. Its sister story, *Cinderella,* has been traced back to ninth-century China and is known to have at least 700 oral versions in Europe alone. Nancy Burkert believes that something like the Snow-White story may actually have happened. It seems reasonable to accept it, along with other tales as old and widely known, as a distillation of truth and fiction, entwined by time and telling.

"Once it was the middle of winter, and the snowflakes fell from the sky like feathers." The page these words are written on is large and as white as snow. It is empty except for the type lines that begin three-fourths of the way down in the space. A bare tree stands behind the large, decorated initial *O* (in *Once*). A hunter and his dog step through it into the scene and the story. In this way we almost literally follow the pictures into the words of the new *Snow-White*. It *is* new. Nancy Ekholm Burkert has taken a story that is clouded by familiarity, and she has sharpened it and given it a depth many of us may not have suspected it had.

I remember a Snow-White who sang "Some Day My Prince Will Come" while birds twittered and blushed on her fingertips. The dwarfs were cute, the witch was ghastly, and the whole was the work of that master of the shiny surface, Walt Disney. Seductive as Disney was, subtlety was not the cloth he worked from. In contrast, Mrs. Burkert, by choosing a medieval pictorial setting for the story, has found its natural home. She selects with care from a palette of magic symbols, antiquities, and objets d'art—a Dürer headdress, a Hugo van der Goes still life, borders and initials reminiscent of illuminations—to furnish a complete, miniature world.

While the Jarrell translation is new to us, too, it does not enlarge and refresh the tale with the drama the pictures bring to it. The tone is at times uneven; old-fashioned formalities abut awkwardly with today's vernacular. But these legends have been told in such infinite variation that we are really quite used to changes of words and phrases, and, basically, the story is not altered by them. Overall, this version is close to the 1954 Doubleday edition of *Grimm's Fairy Tales* (now, sadly, out of print). In both the horror of the original ending is left unsoftened, true to its time and the concept of a vengeful justice.

Throughout, the book has been designed with utmost care. Full-color paintings on double-page spreads alternate with spreads on which there is only type surrounded by a thin, gray border line. The starkness of the type pages contrasts to great advantage with the intricacy and color of the illustrations. There are no words to distract us from the pictures, no pictures to take our eyes from the words. We are meant to concentrate and dwell on each, and we do.

A map painted in the blues and greens of a medieval landscape lays the action before us. We can trace the paths from the princess's castle in France across the seven hills the queen travels to the Black Forest cottage of the dwarfs, and then over more hills to the prince's Italian home.

The cottage of the dwarfs is built from Mrs. Burkert's line as solidly as if it were made of wood and stone. The table is set for dinner with seven matching plates and mugs. Snow-White's place-setting is a little different: naturally, this home would be supplied for seven; an eighth would have to make do. In other words, everything is rendered with attention, both for itself and for the story in which it plays a part. Snow-White personifies a young dream—the beautiful princess in disguise—but she is also a vulnerable and graceful girl the age of Juliet. Acting as the devoted mother of this small household, she is beloved by the childmen. And the dwarfs are real dwarfs—neither funny nor grotesque, but sym-

Paintings above and right by Nancy Ekholm Burkert, from Snow-White and the Seven Dwarfs.

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pathetic people whose deformity has isolated them. There is consistently a devotion to each object or creature drawn that emphasizes its particular beauty and meaning.

In his handsome and excellent (for artistic adolescents and their parents) book *Art of the Middle Ages* (Discovering Art series, McGraw-Hill, $9.95), Michael Batterberry describes a rising spirit of the Middle Ages this way: "Gothic art can to some extent be explained by this belief, that in enriching every object and building, man is at the same time glorifying God." Mrs. Burkert's work embodies this feeling. As precisely as she depicts the braided floor mat, the sturdy andiron, the rich fabrics hung near the bed, she conveys, too, an air of stillness and mystery. Working in a line so fine that it often appears to be a tone, she makes time, place, and fantasy tangible. This is drawn painting. There are instances when her line seems too considered, and the color loses some subtlety. Then that quality of stillness tends, instead, to be stiff, and the richness of tone turns overbright and sweet. But this happens only rarely, because Mrs. Burkert combines a sharply critical vision with her talented hand.

"Then she [the queen] had to put on the red-hot slippers and dance till she dropped down dead." Having read these final words of the story, we turn to the final illustration. It is a judgment scene. To the left, two mute iron shoes and a frightened greyhound stand guard as a flight of dark stairs leads downward to the queen's final doom. Above these stairs St. Michael, carved in stone, weighs souls while on the capital of a column St. George slays his dragon. To the right, everything leads up to bright hints of Paradise as the princess and her prince ascend wide steps, where they are received by banners, trumpets, and, of course, the dwarfs.

Line is interwoven with line, good with evil, fantasy with reality, the old religion with the new. All these elements of the old tales are touched on in this book. The apple hides its deadly poison beneath a glossy cheek much as the stepmother hides her poisoned heart beneath her beauty. But that beauty is hidden, too. We never see her face. When Snow-White is lost in the forest, we discover creatures hidden, not just in the background, but also in the foreground. A hide-and-seek of the apparent and the symbolic threads through the story's pages. In their tales the Grimms preserved what they felt were "wonderful past echoes of ancient myths." Wilhelm wrote: "This mythic element is like little pieces of a splintered jewel that lie on the ground covered over by grass and flowers and only to be discovered by very sharp eyes." Nancy Burkert has those eyes.

Since 1961 Mrs. Burkert has illustrated eight books. That is not especially prolific in a field in which some people do four or five books in a year. Yet considering the thought and infinite attention to detail that is prerequisite to her art, the output does not seem modest. Although two of her early books, *Jean-Claude's Island* (by Natalie Savage Carlson, Harper & Row, $3.95) and *The Big Goose and the Little White Duck* (by Meindert DeJong, Harper & Row, $4.79), possessed these qualities together with a characteristic careful grace, it was not until she began to paint in full color in 1965, for *The Nightingale* (translated by Eva Le Gallienne, Harper & Row, $3.95), that she seemed to find her natural métier. Without color her art had been confined. For *The Nightingale* she took her inspiration from Oriental art, and she painted elaborate "Chinese scrolls," always keeping them very much her own. This ability to control artistic influences, to select from other times and styles without ever letting them control her own style, has been used to great advantage in *Snow-White*. In 1968 her version of *The Scroobius Pip* (by Edward Lear, Harper & Row, $3.95) was published. It is lesser Lear but great Burkert. Beautifully designed, minutely detailed panoramas of birds, beasts, insects (my favorite), and fish are spread before us in a zoological buffet to confound and amaze the eye. The two children who appear are not as highly styled and triumphant as their surroundings. Perhaps it is their modern dress and sentimental prettiness. The Pip himself is a lovable old wonder portrayed with a discreet humor that can also be found in Mrs. Burkert's fine pictures for the famous *James and the Giant Peach* (by Roald Dahl, Alfred A.

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BOOKS

Knopf, $3.95). Mrs. Burkert's *The Fir Tree* (by Hans Christian Andersen, Harper & Row, $3.95) is hand-size and beautiful from front to back cover. Remember it next Christmas or (why not?) before. The paper, the printing, and the pictures themselves have all been treated lovingly. Soft-pencil drawings alternate with full-color paintings. And the paintings are jewels. I can think of no better word. They gleam.

Perhaps *Snow-White* is the fairest of them all. It is, without a doubt, extremely fair. □

SHORTER REVIEWS

AUGUSTUS. By John Williams. 305 pages. Viking. $7.95.

Gaius Octavius (63 B.C.–A.D. 14) came to power in Rome, following the assassination of his great-uncle Julius Caesar, as part of a triumvirate with Antony and Lepidus; he was eventually decreed Augustus ("the majestic one") and declared the first Roman Emperor. (Mark Antony betrayed Rome, took up with Cleopatra, and was defeated in a naval battle at Actium in 31 B.C.; Lepidus, on the other hand, is somewhat of a shadowy figure who seems to have simply drifted from the scene). Gaius Octavius Caesar, the August, was a remarkable and civilized man, and his reign was unique for its or any other time: there was peace and relative prosperity at home, the arts were strongly encouraged (Vergil and Horace were friends of the emperor), laws were codified. Still, Romans being Romans, it was at best only an uneasy peace. As depicted by John Williams in his new novel, which has too large and unwieldy a cast, their full-time distraction was a pursuit of tragedy. Everybody here suffers gloriously in constantly shifting political and sexual alliances, and the intrigues—Augustus's daughter was a conspirator in a plot to murder her father—are extraordinarily complex. But Williams is impressively adroit at keeping it all comprehensible and real, and his book, written in the form of memoirs, journals, and letters by actual and fictional Romans, breezes along with the color and pizzazz of a Cecil B. DeMille extravaganza. The novel ends at the death of Augustus (of old age) with the terrible Tiberius, stepson and successor, waiting in the wings—and the rest, of course, is ancient history.

A DAY NO PIGS WOULD DIE. By Robert Newton Peck. 150 pages. Alfred A. Knopf. $4.95.

This latest entry in the nostalgia sweepstakes concerns coming of age on a Shaker farm in Vermont in the 1920s. Although the chapters are set up as artificial entities, like boxed anecdotes in the old *Saturday Evening Post*, the main story line concerns young Rob's pig—his growth, his Rutland Fair blue ribbon, and his inevitable slaughter. Surrounding this are details of farm life, Yankee jokes, and sentimental family memories as warm and comforting as home baking. The story—something between a novel and a memoir—is told in barefoot-boy dialect ("Gosh'em Moses"; "Pinky sure got to be my pig in a heck of a hurry"), with plenty of homely metaphors thrown in for authenticity ("I guess that's as true as a taproot"), but it becomes affecting only in the final scenes of the father's death and funeral. All in all, more an exercise in calculated longing than a real evocation.

TRADE WINDS

"Great Books" Marches On

"But *everybody* knows how to read a book!"

Someone at Simon & Schuster must have said something like that in 1940 when the firm's young editor, Clifton Fadiman, proposed the publication of a volume, *How to Read a Book*, to be written by Mortimer J. Adler. S&S timidly printed 2,500 copies and then cautiously waited to see what would happen.

The first happening was a full-page photograph in *Life* displaying all the volumes of "Great Books of the Western World," a series with which Adler had been closely associated since 1921. Under the photo *Life* ran a caption: "In a few weeks S&S will publish *How to Read a Book* which tells you how to read these books." Scribner's bookstore in New York and Marshall Field in Chicago immediately built window displays around the *Life* page with tumbling piles of "Great Books" in the background. Customers thronged the stores, and *H.T.R.A.B.* went back on press about twenty minutes after it was published. In its first year it sold more than 100,000 copies in a hard cover edition, which eventually sold some 160,000. Meanwhile, S&S had issued it in their own quality (costlier than mass-market) paperback edition, which, to date, has sold about 270,000 copies. That's a total in both editions of around 430,000 copies.

But that figure is already obsolete. Late this past August S&S published a rewritten and updated *H.T.R.A.B.* (this time by Mortimer Adler and Charles Van Doren) with an initial printing of 5,000 in cloth and 25,000 in paper. Moreover, all the sales of *H.T.R.A.B.* have been achieved without benefit of book club; nor do these figures include the impressive distribution of the British, German, Indian, French, and Italian editions.

Who buys all these copies? Well, in the United States some 60 per cent of them are sold to schools and libraries. And don't think that "schools" means kiddie stuff. Sixty per cent of school purchases are made at the college level, 40 per cent at the junior college and high school level. What's more, the largest part of the school sales represents adoptions by English literature courses buying in sizable quantities.

Both the original *H.T.R.A.B.* and the new edition are based on the assumption that intelligent people can usefully be guided in such matters as: how to unearth and understand the author's essential message, how to recognize seminal themes, how fast (often) —and how slowly (sometimes)—to read, and how to "Pigeonhole a Book" and "X-ray a Book" and "Criticize a Book Fairly," plus chapters on the separate arts of reading stories, plays, poetry, history, science, philosophy.

In 1921 Mortimer Adler was in the first Great Books class at Columbia, taught by John Erskine, who based his course on his selection of 101 landmark works ranging from Homer to Freud. Two years later Adler and the late Mark Van Doren joined forces to teach Great Books—still at Columbia. Among their first students were Clifton Fadiman, Lionel Trilling, and Whittaker Chambers. In 1929 Adler was invited to join John Hutchins in teaching Great Books at the University of Chicago. And in 1952 Great Books became a publishing entity under *Encyclopedia Britannica*, whose (former U.S. Senator) William Benton had taken a Great Books course and was moved to publish them as a set. When published, they included a *Syntopicon*—two volumes containing 102 5,000-word essays by Adler, each tracing a basic idea through its expressions and developments by the writers of Great Books.

SOLUTION OF THIS WEEK'S
KINGSLEY DOUBLE-CROSTIC (No. 2022)

(NORTON) MOCKINGBIRD:
(LAUGHTER)
THE BEST MEDICINE

A grandmother took her three year old granddaughter into her lap and began reading to her from Genesis. After a while, noticing that the little girl was unusually quiet, the grandmother asked, "Well, what do you think of it, dear?"
"Oh, I love it," answered the child. "You never know what God is going to do next!"

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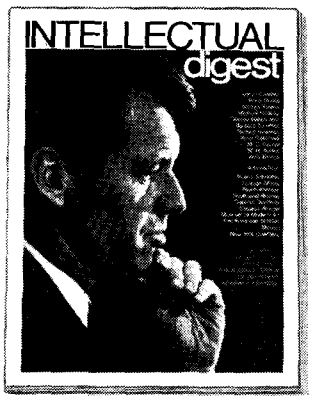

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BOOKS

The preparation of the *Syntopicon* took eight years, a team of research assistants, and a $1,000,000 investment. Nowadays, Adler is teaching Great Books in Chicago with his colleague and coauthor of *H.T.R.A.B.*, Charles Van Doren, Mark's son.

Basic to the success of *H.T.R.A.B.*, according to Adler, is the fact that although literature is taught throughout school and college (or, at least, is available in the latter), the art of reading is considered a mechanical facility and its teaching usually ends with the fourth elementary grade. Judging by book sales, the number of people who take pleasure and/or information from books is growing even faster than the population. Many individuals and institutions can take pride in that growth. Prominent among them, those who directly followed in John Erskine's footsteps: Scott Buchanan, Stringfellow Barr (who, together, founded the whole curriculum on Great Books at St. John's of Annapolis), Van Doren, Fadiman, and Adler.

You may have noticed that throughout the above the article "the" was never attached to Great Books. That omission was urged by Mortimer Adler. Neither Erskine nor his disciples ever maintained that the works that comprise the set are absolute and unique within the whole body of Western literature. Right now Adler is one of those who are giving thought as to which twentieth-century authors may presently be added to Great Books (the series now concludes with the end of the nineteenth and four masterworks of Freud). Among novelists, says Adler, Joyce, surely, and probably Proust and Mann and maybe Solzhenitsyn. Among philosophers: Whitehead, Bergson, Dewey, the earlier Russell. But science? Even at this point of most tentative consideration, who in that expanding, changing, increasingly specialized field is providing such enveloping works as came from a Newton, a Harvey, a Darwin?

Novelists in Commons

A while back this column quoted an ad for Maurice Edelman's *Disraeli in Love* that referred to Edelman as the first novelist to sit in the House of Commons since Disraeli. Pointing out that A. P. Herbert sat there in the 1930s, we invited other suggestions. One reader mentioned that as a very young man in 1900, Churchill wrote an undistinguished novel, *Savarola*. A lot of others cited *The Inside of the Cup*, *The Crisis* etc., but those historical romances were written by the other, and wholly American, Winston Churchill. One correspondent offered Harold Nicholson, the diplomat and historian who sat in Commons from 1935 to 1945 and wrote two novels, *Sweet Water* and *Public Faces*. And a surgeon from Pennsylvania points out that John Buchan, author of *The Thirty-Nine Steps* and other fine suspense novels, sat in Commons from 1927 to 1935 before becoming Lord Tweedsmuir, the Governor General of Canada, and a member of the House of Lords. □

SR OF EDUCATION RECOMMENDS: The following five new and current titles in the field of education are, in the judgment of the editors, particularly worth bearing in mind.

BLACK ENGLISH: Its History and Usage in the United States. By J. L. Dillard (Random House, $10)—An important study of the roots (from Africa), development, and style of Black English, showing it to be a living and sophisticated language, together with an argument for its recognition and acceptance, alongside Standard English, in our schools.

FREE THE CHILDREN: Radical Reform and the Free School Movement. By Allen Graubard (Pantheon, $7.95)—A valuable and illuminating critical guide through the free school movement—its theories and practices, its successes and failures, its relation to politics, culture, and the public school system, and its future limitations and possibilities.

INEQUALITY: A Reassessment of the Effect of Family and Schooling in America. By Christopher Jencks and associates (Basic Books, $12.50)—This important three-year study, conducted at the Harvard Center for Educational Policy Research, concludes, among other things, that greater equality of education will not necessarily result in greater equality of social and economic conditions.

THE IRRELEVANT ENGLISH TEACHER. By J. Mitchell Morse (Temple, $6)—A sparklingly articulate defense of coherency and precision in language and thought and its necessity for both art and political freedom.

SPEARPOINT. By Sylvia Ashton-Warner (Knopf, $5.95)—The New Zealander author of *Teacher* gives a penetrating and disturbing report on a year of teaching in an experimental school in Colorado and offers some important insights into the disconnection of our children from themselves, each other, and the world around them.

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Answer to Wit Twister, page 17: secure, rescue, ceruse.

Answer to Literary Crypt No. 1537
The most thoroughly wasted of all days is that on which one has not laughed.
Nicholas Chamfort

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FILM

The Young Crowd Has Been There—but They've Done Gone Away

BY ARTHUR KNIGHT

There's a war on in films right now, although it hasn't been declared and the battle lines are haphazardly drawn. For some time it has been common knowledge that the movies' best audience is the youth crowd, defined roughly as people between the ages of eighteen and twenty-eight. They buy most of the tickets, either because they are still in the courting stage or because they don't yet need the costly services of a baby-sitter. The war is one of winning their patronage at the box office.

In the current spate of year-end pictures it is rather discouraging to see such acknowledged masters of their craft as George Cukor, Ronald Neame, and Billy Wilder going not merely out of their way but out of their depth to court this young crowd. These directors' films are filled with ploys to snare the young, to make them exclaim, "But you are one of us!" There are all the tidbits of carnality, antiestablishmentarianism, and action-adventure that might be expected to work. But they don't—mainly because the young crowd done been there and gone. Nothing shifts quite so swiftly as youthful allegiances, and to set out to win the young with what was popular—or at least acceptable—two years ago is to invite the ultimate in rejection.

Travels With My Aunt is a particularly sad case, for George Cukor is a director of almost irreproachable taste and discretion, both of which are abundantly in evidence in the costumes and settings of his film. But what appalling lapses are up front, where Maggie Smith (looking for all the world like Estelle Winwood) drags her impressionable nephew through a chain of international, and incomprehensible, intrigues. Katharine Hepburn originally had signed on for this picture; after script changes she withdrew, and it is easy enough to see why—the best scenes are the flashbacks, in which Miss Smith plays the youthful aunt. What is difficult to understand is why Miss Hepburn ever agreed to do it in the first place. The Graham Greene story hardly requires the high stylization at which she is so adept (Maggie Smith tries it, and it ultimately defeats her performance), and the flashbacks would have been, to put it kindly, hazardous. Mainly, however, the film falters because the convolutions of the Jay Presson–Allen Hugh Wheeler screenplay leave us never quite certain whether or not we are supposed to admire the raffish lady in her fiery red wig as she smuggles money and drugs in and out of all the fashionable centers of Europe. Her charm certainly eluded *me*, and I also began to grow just a little impatient with her nephew's stolid acceptance of all her shenanigans, even though he was played with neat understatement by that excellent actor Alec McCowen.

Another urbane director, Ronald Neame, was imported from England ostensibly to breathe life into the relentlessly one-dimensional characters of *The Poseidon Adventure*. It was a task as clearly foredoomed as the *Poseidon* itself. Each of its dozen or so stars, including Gene Hackman, Ernest Borgnine, Shelley Winters, and Jack Albertson, comes labeled for ready identification—"free-thinking priest," "tough cop," "Yiddishe mom," etc.—and, in view of the flat, expository dialogue of the Stirling Silliphant–Wendell Mayes screenplay, there is little that Neame can do beyond getting his cast into motion as quickly as possible, then keeping them moving (although he might have told Hackman and Borgnine not to shout at each other in every scene). However, the special effects, which enable a huge luxury liner to be inverted by a towering tidal wave, are more than impressive, and William Creber's creation of a topsy-turvy world of tangled machinery and flooding compartments contributes a weird visual excitement that somewhat mitigates the turgid pseudodramatics. Despite its effort to preach the moral that man must exercise his free will if he chooses to live, *The Poseidon Adventure* remains essentially a brainless and, alas, witless entertainment, an action movie that reaches its climax in the first twenty minutes.

The most totally disappointing film in the current crop has to be *Avanti!*, directed by Billy Wilder. One of the most urbane and witty members of the movie colony, Wilder apparently saw in Samuel Taylor's dated comedy about the jauntier of the jet set something "relevant" for today's audiences—and proceeded to embellish the story with dubious double-entendres and lots of nudity (most of it supplied by an embarrassingly corpulent Juliet Mills). Perhaps the less said, the better; but not even Jack Lemmon, with all the *shticks* at his command, could save this one from being a disaster.

On the other hand—and one of the great things about movies is that there usually is another hand—there is *Pete 'n' Tillie*. Martin Ritt, its director, is best known for *Hud* and, more recently, *Sounder;* he has never directed comedy before. Carol Burnett, its star, is best known for her knockabout comedy on television; to the best of my knowledge she has never before attempted a straight role. Walter Matthau, her co-star, is, of course, a star for all seasons and during his long career has been called upon to play everything from deep-dyed villains to a crotchety septuagenarian. In *Pete 'n' Tillie,* which has a warm, humorous, and perceptive script by Julius J. Epstein (based on Peter De Vries's novel *Witch's Milk*), their talents are combined to create an altogether endearing and engaging movie.

Pete is one of those contented bachelors whom well-meaning friends are always trying to marry off. Tillie, who has a good job and no prospects, is the kind of girl that well-meaning friends are always trying to marry the Petes of the world off to. In this instance it works. After six months of going together and living together, Pete and Tillie marry. Their connubial bliss is unconfined, and, after they produce a son, life seems even rosier. But when the boy dies, the two begin to drift apart.

Pete takes up with girls at the office. Tillie mourns her loss and seriously considers Catholicism. Can this marriage be saved? Yes, but not the way they do it in soap operas. Pete grows tired of one-nighters. Tillie is sick of living alone. The need for companionship that drew them together in the first place is transformed into something real and urgent. When Tillie admits to Pete that he still irritates her, Pete assures her that "love without irritation is pure lust." The writing, always a little off center, is marvelous, and the playing, on dead center for each of the characters, is even better. *Pete 'n' Tillie* is the kind of picture you want your friends to see so that they can take a look at themselves. □

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MUSIC

Weill and Brecht's Grim Fairy Tale

BY IRVING KOLODIN

Kurt Weill and Bertolt Brecht's *Rise and Fall of the City of Mahagonny* is hardly so familiar on the American stage that an opportunity to see it can be ignored. San Francisco heard it last fall in German, but the more recent production in the Kennedy Center Opera House by the Opera Society of Washington added the dimension of an English text to the experience. Both productions were conducted by Gunther Schuller. By now he must be the world's foremost authority on the music of the man who began as a pupil of Ferruccio Busoni and ended as the composer of "September Song," "My Ship," "It Never Was You," "Speak Low," and half a dozen other "standards" of the Broadway musical.

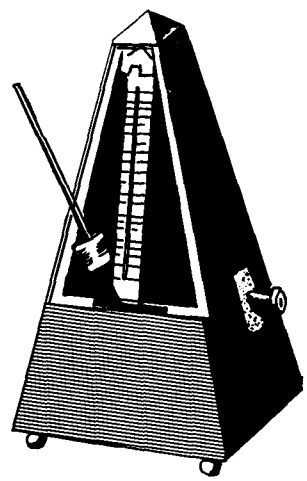
That, of course, is exactly what makes a proper production of *Mahagonny* so absorbing. It shows Weill at the crossroads of further expansion of his multiple talents. As the conditions of Germany in the Twenties entered into *Mahagonny* and what he had done before, so the conditions of Germany in the Thirties decreed that he move on, first to Paris and then to New York.

With Schuller as one pinion of strength and Ian Strasfogel, his former associate at the New England Conservatory of Music and now head man of the Washington Opera Society, as another, this *Mahagonny* has extraordinary musical virtues. For those not so attuned to the Busoni part of Weill, it may have some dramatic defects. Schuller's effort with an orchestra of appropriate size and ability was self-justifying, but some satirical touches were suppressed if not ignored.

The production, supervised by Strasfogel, is coarse in spirit and with no gloss at all on its rendering of the Brechtian view of a materialistic society across the water (inferentially America). It has been staged with a care for detail, a sense of place and time that makes it an altogether grim fairy tale. Havana, Alabama, Alaska, even Pensacola are some of the "exotic" references that come into a text depicting a town where money is king and the best-liked man can be hanged for not paying his tabs at a bar.

The scenic values, devised by Douglas W. Schmidt, are sparse but effective. Gilbert Hemsley's lighting scheme allows everything to hang out, from the red-green borders around the stage to the orange-yellow "light wall" that rises and falls and the exquisitely neon moon that comes up as Jennie apostrophizes what hangs over Alabama. Spotlights are banished, but there is a forest of large industrial floor lamps that defines the edge of the stage in cabaret style. When the much-feared hurricane bypasses Mahagonny, a painted rainbow comes into view.

To be sure, the rendition suffers from the lack of such German phrases as "*Wie man sich betet*," the rhyme of "Alabama" and "Mamma," and others associated with the melodies of Weill's irresistible score. But the gain in story-



telling to be derived from the English translation of Arnold Weinstein and Lys Symonette is not to be minimized. Their work was based upon the revised edition of 1969 by David Drew, whose work on behalf of Kurt Weill is internationally known.

The use of English does not guarantee clarity, however. Will Neill, a broad-shouldered, six-foot tenor, is an excellent and understandable Jim Mahoney (accent on the first syllable, please), as Pamela Hebert is a dazzling illusion of a Jenny (this one, pre-Gertrude Lawrence, also makes her mind up—to be bad and expensive). Miss Hebert is a rare instance of an operatic soprano with the vocal versatility to do right by the sweet-as-absinthe-and-just-as-lethal strains Weill assigned to the character created by Lotte Lenya, who was present to see herself impersonated.

Some others, such as Arley Reece (Fatty) and David Wilder (Trinity Moses) were more adroit at singing the English text than speaking it. On the other hand, Joyce Castle (Widow Begbick) spoke her lines better than she sang the music. R. G. Webb brought a unique virtuosity to the role of the gluttonous Jacob Schmidt (who exercises the freedoms of Mahagonny by eating himself to death): that is, a sufficiency of weight, and voice, to play the part in San Francisco as well as in Washington.

It is a kind of Weillbrechtian shame that so worthy a version of so rare an immorality play should be limited to four performances in a single city. Certainly, the National Opera Institute and Mrs. DeWitt Wallace, who contributed toward its production, would get more for their money if a few other communities were also serviced. After all, Mahagonny's ethos of sex and booze, brutality and individuality, is as applicable to today's "enlightened" society as it was when its counterpart was viewed from afar in the 1920s.

Ashkenazy and Itzhak Perlman

Vladimir Ashkenazy is the kind of artist whose musical interest is not confined to the literature of the solo piano, extensive though it is. Several years ago he appeared in a recital of duo-piano music with his friend Malcolm Frager. Lately he shared a program of sonatas in Philharmonic Hall with violinist Itzhak Perlman. In the future, one imagines, he might venture an evening with Victoria de los Angeles or a singer of comparable artistry.

In prospect, the collaboration of Ashkenazy and Perlman was a connoisseur's dream. In actuality it was an essay on the indivisibility of the artistic individuality. That is to say, Ashkenazy plus Perlman remained Ashkenazy. But Perlman plus Ashkenazy lost something of his own stature.

This related to no overprojection by Ashkenazy. But it did relate to the larger view of Beethoven's sonatas (the first and last of the ten for piano and violin) held by Ashkenazy rather than Perlman. This might have to do with the reality that there is in the pianist's ken such a work as the *Hammerklavier* Sonata, which Ashkenazy plays very well, while Beethoven provided nothing comparably large for the violinist. The César Franck sonata that followed was a more even match acoustically, which was a decided advantage for Perlman. □

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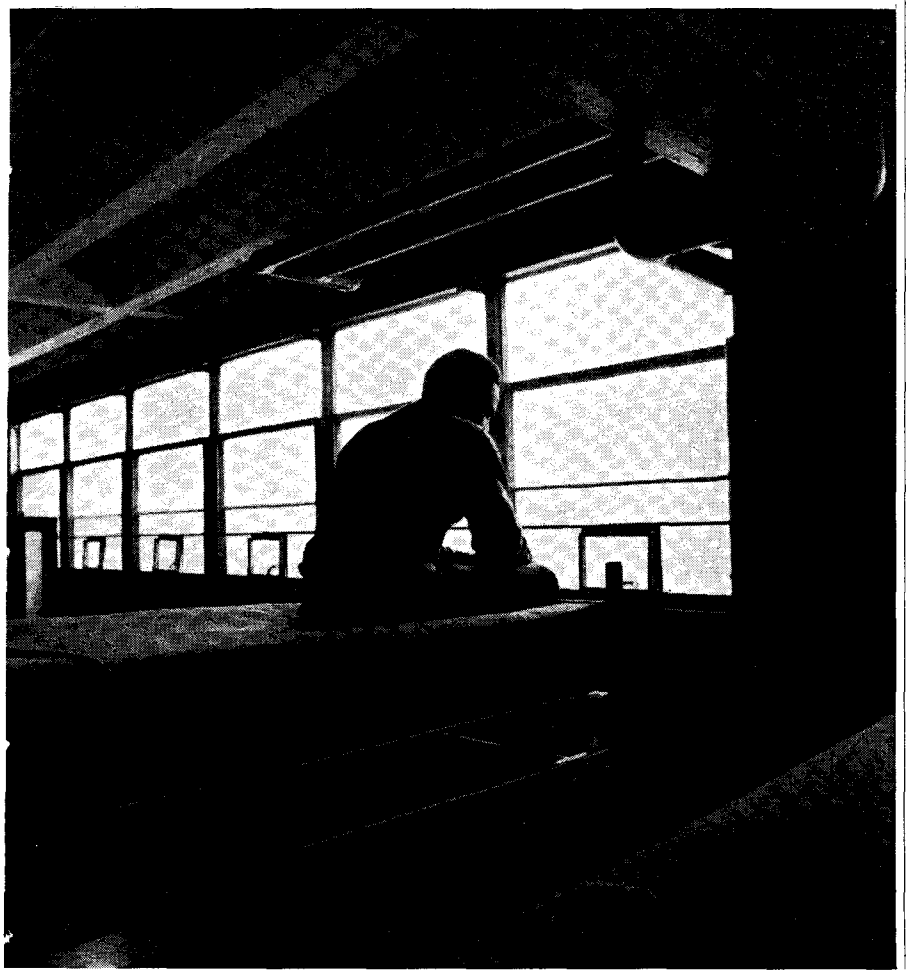

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(Continued from page 73)

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(Continued from page 75)

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KINGSLEY DOUBLE-CROSTIC

Reg. U.S. Patent Office

By Janet Elliott Cameron

No. 2022

DEFINITIONS

A. Technique

B. Too violent

C. Term of disparagement; decrepit car (slang)

D. Popular early Sixties folk group (2 wds.)

E. Game played by two teams (comp.)

F. An angel in Milton's *Paradise Lost*

G. Amateur

H. Bring to completion (3 wds.)

I. Qualified for

J. Priced (slang; 4 wds.)

K. City in Michigan, county seat of Livingston County

L. Fictional sleuth (2 wds.)

M. On the whole (3 wds.)

WORDS

78 59 242 41 148 6

236 189 26 90 152 176 127 40 49

204 187 39 5 175

217 136 145 60 83 88 188 194 42 28 173 210

143 191 174 79 1 121 178 43 214 206 29

84 165 140 129 44 228 50 30

31 45 131 80 115 139 27 233 149 89

2 184 192 150 51 219 135 32 205 122 232 201 172

137 46 171 186 224 52 181 146

47 226 138 163 151 179 211 81 190 231 87

202 48 162 215 132 207

82 116 160 141 3 25 134 170 197 203 239

58 209 4 212 200 161 53 33 234 117

DEFINITIONS

N. Frank Fay enjoyed great success in his portrayal of this character in *Harvey* (2 wds.)

O. Pertinent (3 wds.)

P. One of the titles bestowed on Macbeth by the three witches (3 wds.)

Q. Dispose of quickly (4 wds.)

R. Departed with caution (2 wds.)

S. Highly venomous snake (2 wds.)

T. Correct (3 wds.)

U. Capital of Hunan province in S.E. China

V. Daughter of Agamemnon and Clytemnestra

W. Member of a North American Indian tribe, now extinct

X. Uncommon

WORDS

213 112 92 8 15 36 57 71 158 157

85 21 77 120 9 34 103 237 128 196 156 159 105

109 72 61 35 240 98 75 118 95 65 7 125 154

147 86 16 73 195 10 169 76 99 221 167 22 155 238 177

11 66 104 23 37 182 220 223 133

180 24 38 114 17 123 166 227 96 12

67 62 13 93 18 74 100 142 110 235

101 106 130 68 230 124 185 193

94 54 222 113 69 199 97 119 107

126 55 19 63 144 225 164 218 229 111 70 108

64 241 20 183 153 14 216 208 102 56 91 198 168

DIRECTIONS

Don't let the definitions scare you. If you can guess five or six of these WORDS correctly, you should be able to solve the Double-Crostic . . . . When you've guessed a WORD, fill in the dashes, and also write each letter in its correspondingly numbered square in the diagram. When all the squares are filled in, you will have a quotation from a published work. Dark squares indicate the ends of words. If there is no dark square at the right side of the diagram, the word carries over to the next line . . . . You should be able to see words and phrases begin to form in the diagram on the basis of having just a few letters. Enter the letters you can guess into the diagram and the blanks in the defined WORDS, and you'll find yourself working from WORDS to diagram and back, solving the puzzle. . . . The initial letters of the defined WORDS spell the name of the author and the title of the work from which the quotation was taken. This acrostic feature can be very helpful to the solver.

			1 E		2 H	3 L	4 M	5 C	6 A	7 P	8 N	9 O	10 Q	11 R	12 S		13 T	14 X
15 N	16 Q		17 S	18 T	19 W		20 X	21 O	22 Q	23 R	24 S		25 L	26 B	27 G	28 D		29 E
30 F	31 G		32 H	33 M	34 O	35 P	36 N	37 R	38 S	39 C	40 B	41 A	42 D	43 E	44 F		45 G	46 I
47 J	48 K		49 B	50 F	51 H		52 I	53 M	54 V		55 W	56 X	57 N		58 M	59 A	60 D	61 P
62 T		63 W	64 X	65 P	66 R	67 T	68 U	69 V		70 W	71 N		72 P	73 Q	74 T		75 P	76 Q
77 O	78 A		79 E	80 G	81 J	82 L	83 D	84 F	85 O		86 Q	87 J	88 D	89 G	90 B		91 X	
92 N	93 T	94 V	95 P	96 S		97 V	98 P	99 Q	100 T	101 U	102 X	103 O	104 R		105 O	106 U	107 V	108 W
	109 P	110 T	111 W		112 N	113 V	114 S	115 G	116 L	117 M		118 P	119 V	120 O	121 E		122 H	123 S
124 U		125 P	126 W	127 B	128 O	129 F	130 U	131 G	132 K	133 R		134 L	135 H	136 D	137 I	138 J		139 G
140 F	141 L		142 T	143 E	144 W	145 D	146 I	147 Q	148 A	149 G	150 H	151 J	152 B		153 X	154 P	155 Q	156 O
157 N		158 N	159 O	160 L	161 M		162 K	163 J	164 W	165 F		166 S	167 Q		168 X	169 Q	170 L	
171 I	172 H	173 D	174 E	175 C		176 B	177 Q		178 E	179 J		180 S	181 I	182 R	183 X		184 H	185 U
	186 I		187 C	188 D	189 B	190 J		191 E	192 H		193 U	194 D	195 Q	196 O	197 L	198 X	199 V	200 M
	201 H	202 K	203 L		204 C	205 H	206 E	207 K	208 X		209 M	210 D	211 J		212 M	213 N	214 E	215 K
216 X		217 D	218 W	219 H	220 R		221 Q	222 V	223 R	224 I		225 W	226 J	227 S		228 F	229 W	
230 U	231 J	232 H	233 G	234 M		235 T	236 B		237 O	238 Q		239 L	240 P	241 X	242 A			

Solution of this week's Double-Crostic will be found on page 66 of this issue.

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AFTER A WEEK OR SO OF SUNNING AND SWIMMING AND DINING AND DANCING AND BEING PAMPERED AND WAITED-ON ABOARD ITALIAN LINE, YOU BECOME ITALIAN.

Ken Adams, Italian for a week.

Sail with us on Italian Line and something nice happens.

You begin to unbend.

You start to relax. To open up. You love being alive.

To put it another way, you become, for a while at least, *Italian.*

And all of your new life with us—with the lounges and swimming pools and posh air-conditioned staterooms, with the cafes and buffets and cabarets—gives you a keen feeling of what it is to really *live*. Like an Italian.

With our 70 sea-going chefs and their thousands of international dishes (including 450 different kinds of pasta!) you discover you love food like an Italian. Wine, too: Bardolino, Soave, Orvieto, Frascati—not to mention vintage French champagnes. Your ship carries thousands of bottles.

You loll. And splash. And eat. And tan. You have pre-release movies to watch. Nightclubs to dance in. Parties to go to. Exotic harbors to anchor in. The world's starriest skies to gaze at. And in between you discover the exquisite joys of doing nothing. No wonder you feel like a new human being (Italian, of course).

Right about now you deserve a vacation. In Europe. Or the Caribbean. A good travel agent can get you started.

Even more, you deserve to be Italian. At least for a week.

Tell me more about becoming Italian on one of your transatlantic voyages ☐ Caribbean cruises ☐ or Mediterranean tours ☐.

Name_____

Street_____

City_____ State_____ Zip_____

Travel Agent_____

SR-2

Italian Line

One Whitehall Street, New York, N.Y. 10004

EVERYBODY SHOULD BE ITALIAN AT LEAST ONCE A YEAR.

All-year-round transatlantic voyages, Caribbean cruises, Mediterranean tours.
ss Michelangelo, ss Raffaello, ss Leonardo da Vinci, ss Cristoforo Colombo. Country of registry: Italy.

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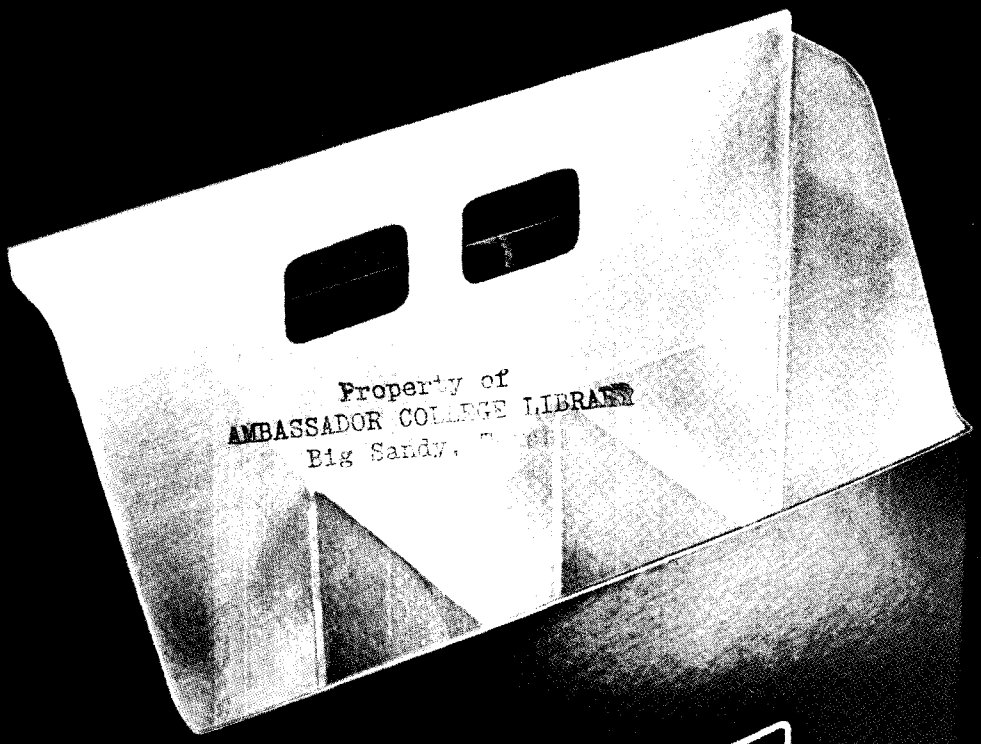
Johnnie Walker Black Label 12 Year Old Blended Scotch Whisky, 86.8 Proof. Bottled in Scotland.
Imported by Somerset Importers Ltd., N.Y., N.Y. Prices may vary according to state and local taxes.



Johnnie Walker
Black Label Scotch
12 YEARS OLD

Refills available. About $60.

Johnnie Walker Black Label Six-Pack, about $60. Sold separately, about $10 a fifth.

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